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Universal Hymns

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UNIVERSAL HYMNS

COMPILED FOR

THE NORTH END UNION

BY

JULIA W. FROTHINGHAM

BOSTON
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1894

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1 *Tune, L. M., S. S. Services and Hymnal, page 133.*

New Year's Hymn.

RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new;
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Tennyson.

2 *Tune, L. M., S. S. Services and Hymnal, page 11.*

I SAID it in the meadow path,
I say it on the mountain stairs—
The best things any mortal hath
Are those which every mortal shares.

The air we breathe, the sky, the breeze,
The light without us and within,
Life with its unlocked treasuries—
God's riches—are for all to win.

The grass is softer to my tread
For rest it yields unnumbered feet;
Sweeter to me the wild rose red,
Because it makes the whole world sweet.

And up the radiant peopled way
That opens into worlds unknown,
It will be life's delight to say,
"Heaven is not heaven for me alone."

Lucy Larcom.

3 *Tune, L.M., Hymns of the Church Universal, 60.*

Greeting.

O LIFE, that makest all things new—
The blooming earth, the thoughts of men!
Our pilgrim feet, wet with thy dew,
In gladness hither turn again;
From hand to hand the greeting flows,
From eye to eye the signals run,
From heart to heart the bright hope glows,
The lovers of the Light are one.

One in the freedom of the Truth,
One in the joy of paths untrod,
One in the soul's perennial youth,
One in the larger thought of God;
The freer step, the fuller breath,
The wide horizon's grander view,
The sense of life that knows no death—
The Life that maketh all things new!

S. Longfellow.

4 *Tune, L.M., Hymns of the Church Universal, 18.*

A Prayer for Faith.

I ASK not wealth, but power to take
And use the things I have aright;
Not years, but wisdom that shall make
My life a profit and delight.

I ask not that for me the plan
Of good and ill be set aside,
But that the common lot of man
Be nobly borne and glorified.

I know I may not always keep
My steps in places green and sweet,
Nor find the pathway of the deep
A path of safety to my feet;

But pray that, when the tempest's breath
Shall fiercely sweep my way about,
I make not shipwreck of my faith
In the unfathomed sea of doubt.

Elim.

5 *Tune, L. M., S. S. Services and Hymnal, page 119.*
From "In Memoriam."

OH, yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taint of blood;

That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete;

That not a worm is cloven in vain;
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shriveled in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold, we know not anything:
I can but trust that good will fall
At last — far off — at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream; but what am I?
An infant crying in the night;
An infant crying for the light;
And with no language but a cry.

I falter where I firmly trod,
And, falling with my weight of cares
Upon the great world's altar-stairs
That slope through darkness up to God,

I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope
And gather dust and chaff, and call
To what I feel is Lord of all,
And faintly trust the larger hope.

This truth came, borne with bier and pall,
I felt it when I sorrowed most—
'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.

Tennyson.

6 *Tune, L. M., S. S. Services and Hymnal, page 118.*
With Wider View.

WITH wider view come loftier goal!
With broader light, more good to see!
With freedom, more of self-control;
With knowledge, deeper reverence be!

Anew we pledge ourselves to Thee,
To follow where thy Truth shall lead:
Afloat upon its boundless sea,
Who sails with God is safe indeed!

S. Longfellow.

7 *Tune, L. M., S. S. Services and Hymnal, page 118.*

THE heart it hath its own estate,
The mind it hath its wealth untold;
It needs not fortune to be great,
While there's a coin surpassing gold.

No matter which way fortune leans,
Wealth makes not happiness secure;
A little mind hath little means,
A narrow heart is always poor.

'Tis not the house that honor makes,
True honor is a thing divine;
It is the mind precedence takes,
It is the spirit makes the shrine.

Charles Swain.

8 *Tune, L. M., S. S. Services and Hymnal, page 60.*

LIVE thou thy life; nor take thou heed
Of shades or shapes of threat'ning ill;
Walk thou where nature's footsteps lead,
And work in lowliness her will.

Let duty to thy soul be dear;
In doubt and weakness scorn to grope;
Be steadfast, having nought to fear;
Be joyful, having much to hope.

What though the skies are dark to see,
The ways are dim before thy feet:
If thine own soul be firm in thee,
No harm there is that thou can'st meet.

For courage treads a thornless road,
While shadows fright the fearful soul;
And hope will ease thee of thy load,
And faith will bring thee to thy goal.

Live thou thy life, and ere its end
Some grace acquire, some good bestow;
When death shall come, thy final friend,
Nor long to leave, nor fear to go.

A. Williams.

9 *Tune, L.M., S.S. Service Book and Hymnal, 13.*
Dedication.

THE very blossoms of our life,
The treasures that no wealth could buy,
We freely bring them here today,
And give them up to Thee, Most High.

When in danger, make me brave;
Make me know that Thou can'st save;
Keep me safe by thy dear side;
Let me in thy love abide.

When I'm tempted to do wrong,
Make me steadfast, wise, and strong;
And when all alone I stand,
Shield me with thy mighty hand.

When my heart is full of glee,
Help me to remember Thee —
Happy most of all to know
That my Father loves me so.

When my work seems hard and dry,
May I press on cheerily;
Help me patiently to bear
Pain and hardship, toil and care.

May I see the good and bright,
When they pass before my sight;
May I hear the heavenly voice,
When the pure and wise rejoice.

May I do the good I know;
Be thy loving child below;
Then at last go home to Thee,
Evermore thy child to be.

M. J. Savage.

10 *Tune, L. M., S. S. Services and Hymnal, page 11.*
In All.

GOD of the earth, the sky, the sea!
Maker of all above, below!
Creation lives and moves in Thee,
Thy present life through all doth flow.

Thy love is in the sunshine's glow,
Thy life is in the quickening air;
When lightnings flash and storm winds blow,
There is thy power; thy law is there.

We feel thy calm at evening's hour,
Thy grandeur in the march of night;
And when the morning breaks in power
We hear thy word, "Let there be light!"

But higher far, and far more clear,
Thee in man's spirit we behold;
Thine image and thyself are there —
The Indwelling God, proclaimed of old.

S. Longfellow.

11 *Tune, L.M., Hymns of the Church Universal, 60.*

THERE is a something sweet and pure —
Through life, through death, it may endure;
With steady foot I onward press
And long to win that blessedness.

It hath no shadow, this soft light,
But makes each daily duty bright;
It bids each heart-born tumult cease,
And sobers joy to quiet peace.

An all-abiding sense of love,
In silence falling from above;
A conscience clear from willful sin,
That hath no subterfuge within;

Fixed duty, claiming every power,
And human love, to charm each hour —
These, these, my soul, make blessedness:
I ask no more, I seek no less.

Louisa J. Hall.

12 *Tune, L.M., S.S. Services and Hymnal, page 176.*
Religious Resolves.

MAY I resolve with all my heart,
With all my powers, to serve the Lord;
Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
Whose service is a rich reward!

Be this the purpose of the soul,
My solemn, my determined choice —
To yield to his supreme control,
And in his kind commands rejoice.

Oh, may I never faint nor tire,
Nor, wandering, leave his sacred ways!
Great God, accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live thy praise.

Anne Steele.

13 *Tune, L. M., S. S. Services and Hymnal, page 60.*
For Truth and Love.

O God, whose presence glows in all
  Within, around us, and above!
Thy word we bless, thy name we call,
  Whose word is Truth, whose name is
    Love.

That Truth be with the heart believed
  Of all who seek this sacred place;
With power proclaimed, in peace received,
  Our spirits' light, thy Spirit's grace.

That Love its holy influence pour,
  To keep us meek and make us free,
And throw its binding blessing more
  Round each with all, and all with Thee.

Send down its angel to our side;
  Send in its calm upon the breast;
For we would know no other guide,
  And we can need no other rest.

N. L. Frothingham.

14 *Tune, L.M., S.S. Services and Hymnal, page 176.*

Oh, sometimes comes to soul and sense
The feeling which is evidence
That very near about us lies
The realm of spirit mysteries.

The low and dark horizon lifts,
To light the scenic terror shifts;
The breath of a diviner air
Blows down the answer of a prayer.

Then all our sorrow, pain, and doubt
A great compassion clasps about;
And law and goodness, love and force,
Are wedded fast beyond divorce.

Then Duty leaves to Love its task,
The beggar Self forgets to ask;
We feel, as flowers the sun and dew,
The One True Life our own renew.

J. G. Whittier.

15 *Tune, L.M., S S. Services and Hymnal, page 176.*
Peace.

In quiet hours the tranquil soul
  Reflects the beauty of the sky;
No passions rise or billows roll,
  And only God and heaven are nigh.

The tides of being ebb and flow,
  Creating peace without alloy;
A sacred happiness we know,
  Too high for mirth, too deep for joy.

Like birds that slumber on the sea,
  Unconscious where the current runs,
We rest on God's infinity
  Of bliss, that circles stars and suns.

His perfect peace has swept from sight
  The narrow bounds of time and space,
And looking up with still delight
  We catch the glory of his face.

Augusta Larned.

16 *Tune, L. M., S. S. Services and Hymnal, page 48.*
Life's Meaning.

He liveth long who liveth well,
  All else is life but flung away;
He liveth longest who can tell
  Of true things truly done each day.

Be wise and use thy wisdom well,
  Who wisdom speaks must live it too;
He is the wisest who can tell
  How first he lived, then spake, the true.

Sow truth if thou the true would'st reap,
  Who sows the false shall reap the vain;
Erect and sound thy conscience keep,
  From hollow words and deeds refrain.

Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure;
  Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright;
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
  And find a harvest-home of light.

Rev. Horatius Bonar.

17 *Tune, L.M., Hymns of the Church Universal, 310.*
Vesper Hymn.

AGAIN, as evening's shadow falls,
We gather in these hallowed walls;
And vesper hymn and vesper prayer
Rise mingling on the holy air.

May struggling hearts that seek release
Here find the rest of God's own peace;
And, strengthened here by hymn and prayer,
Lay down the burden and the care.

O God, our Light! to Thee we bow,
Within all shadows standest Thou;
Give deeper calm than night can bring;
Give sweeter songs than lips can sing.

Life's tumult we must meet again,
We cannot at the shrine remain;
But in the spirit's secret cell
May hymn and prayer forever dwell!

Rev. S. Longfellow.

18 *Tune, L.M., Hymns of the Church Universal, 310.*
On the Mount.

NOT always on the mount may we
Rapt in the heavenly vision be;
The shores of thought and feeling know
The Spirit's tidal ebb and flow.

Lord, it is good abiding here —
We cry, the heavenly presence near;
The vision vanishes, our eyes
Are lifted into vacant skies!

Yet hath one such exalted hour
Upon the soul redeeming power,
And in its strength through after days
We travel our appointed ways.

The mount for vision — but below
The paths of daily duty go,
And nobler life therein shall own
The pattern on the mountain shown.

Rev. F. L. Hosmer.

19 *Tune, L.M., S.S. Services and Hymnal, page 132.*
The Seed.

NOW is the seed time; God alone,
Beyond our vision weak and dim,
Beholds the end of what is sown;
The harvest-time is hid with him.

Yet unforgotten where it lies,
Though seeming on the desert cast,
The seed of gen'rous sacrifice
Shall rise with bloom and fruit at last.

And he who blesses most is blest,
For God and man shall own his worth
Who toils to leave as his bequest
An added beauty on the earth.

J. G. Whittier.

20 *Tune, L.M., S.S. Services and Hymnal, page 130.*
The Harvest Call.

ABIDE not in the realm of dreams,
O man, however fair it seems;
But with clear eye the present scan,
And hear the call of God and man.

Think not in sleep to fold thy hands,
Forgetful of thy Lord's commands;
From duty's claims no life is free —
Behold, today hath need of thee!

While the day lingers do thy best,
Full soon the night will bring its rest;
And, duty done, that rest shall be
Full of beatitudes to thee.

William H. Burleigh.

21 *Tune, Old Hundred.*
Praise.

FROM all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let [love and righteousness] be sung
Through every land by every tongue.

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord!
The Truth thine Everlasting Word!
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore
Till suns shall rise and set no more!

Isaac Watts.

22 *Tune, L.M., S.S. Services and Hymnal, page 119.*
Children of the Day.

Now with creation's morning song
Let us, as children of the day,
With wakened heart and purpose strong,
The works of darkness cast away.

Oh, may the morn so pure, so clear,
Its own sweet calm in us instill!
A guileless mind, a heart sincere,
Simplicity of word and will.

And ever, as the day glides by,
May we the busy senses rein;
Keep guard upon the hand and eye,
Nor let the conscience suffer stain.

Grant us, O God, in love to Thee,
Clear eyes to measure things below;
Faith, the invisible to see;
And wisdom, Thee in all to know.

Tr. by Rev. Edward Caswall.

23 *Tune, L.M., S.S. Services and Hymnal, page 133.*
New Every Morning.

NEW every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Thro' sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New tho'ts of God, new hopes of heaven.

If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find.
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask—
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

Only, O Lord, in thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

Rev. John Keble.

24 *Tune, L.M., S.S. Service Book and Hymnal, 32.*

SAINT AUGUSTINE has truly said
That of our vices we can frame
A ladder, if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of shame.

All common things, each day's events
That with the hour begin and end;
Our pleasures and our discontents
Are steps by which we may ascend.

The longing for ignoble things,
The strife for triumph more than truth;
The hard'ning of the heart that brings
Irrev'rence for the dreams of youth—

All these must first be trampled down
Beneath our feet, if we would gain
In the bright fields of fair renown
The right of eminent domain.

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upwards in the night.

Standing on what too long we bore
With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,
We may discern, unseen before,
A path to higher destinies.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

25 *Tune, L.M., S.S. Service Book and Hymnal, 55.*
Life's Mission.

Go forth to life, O child of earth!
Still mindful of thy heavenly birth;
Thou art not here for ease or sin,
But manhood's noble crown to win.

Though passion's fires are in thy soul,
Thy spirit can their flames control;
Though tempters strong beset thy way,
Thy spirit is more strong than they.

Go on from innocence of youth
To manly pureness, manly truth;
God's angels still are near to save,
And God Himself doth help the brave.

Then forth to life, O child of earth!
Be worthy of thy heavenly birth!
For noble service thou art here;
Thy brothers help, thy God revere!

Rev. Samuel Longfellow.

26 *Tune, L. M., S. S. Service Book and Hymnal, 13.*
Winter.

'Tis winter now; the fallen snow
Has left the heavens all coldly clear;
Through leafless boughs the sharp winds blow,
And all the earth lies dead and drear.

And yet God's love is not withdrawn;
His life within the keen air breathes,
His beauty paints the crimson dawn
And clothes the boughs with glittering wreaths.

And tho' abroad the sharp winds blow,
And skies are chill and frosts are keen,
Home closer draws her circle now,
And warmer glows her light within.

O God, who giv'st the winter's cold
As well as summer's joyous rays,
Us warmly in Thy love enfold,
And keep us through life's wintry days.

S. Longfellow.

27 *Tune, L. M, S. S. Service Book and Hymnal, 55.*

O God! I thank Thee for each sight
Of beauty that Thy hand doth give,—
For sunny skies and air and light;
O God! I thank Thee that I live.

That life I consecrate to Thee;
And ever as the day is born,
On wings of joy my soul would flee,
To thank Thee for another morn;

Another day in which to cast
Some silent deed of love abroad,
That, greatening as it journeys past,
May do some earnest work for God.

Another day to do, to dare;
To tax anew my growing strength;
To arm my soul with faith and prayer,
And so reach heaven and Thee at length.

Mrs. C. A. Mason.

28 *Tune, L. M., S. S. Service Book and Hymnal, 3.*
An Independent and Happy Life.

How happy is he, born or taught,
Who serveth not another's will;
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his highest skill;

Whose passions not his masters are;
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Not tied unto the world with care
Of prince's ear or vulgar breath;

Who God doth late and early pray
More of His grace than goods to lend,
And walks with man from day to day
As with a brother and a friend.

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And, having nothing, yet hath all.

Sir Henry Wotton.

29 *Tune, C.M., S.S. Services and Hymnal, page 188.*
Faith and Hope.

Today be joy in every heart,
For lo! the angel throng
Once more above the listening earth
Repeats the advent song:

"Peace on the earth, good will to men!"
Before us goes the star
That leads us on to holier births
And life diviner far.

Ye men of strife, forget today
  Your harshness and your hate!
Too long ye stay the promised years
  For which the nations wait.

O star of human faith and hope!
  Thy light shall lead us on,
Until it fades in morning's glow,
  And heaven on earth is won.

F. L. Hosmer.

30 *Tune, C.M., S.S. Services and Hymnal, page 44.*
A Spring Song.

HERE, like the birds that wander free,
  Warbling their woodland lays,
We, Heavenly Father, sing to Thee
  Our grateful song of praise.

The happy minstrels of the air,
  That on Thy bounty live,
With songs repay Thy constant care,
  'Tis all that they can give.

But we can give the loving heart,
  And lift our thoughts above;
Can learn that Thou our Father art,
  And feel that Thou art love.

Eliza Follen.

31 *Tune, C.M., S.S. Services and Hymnal, page 21.*

THERE grew a little flower once
  That blossomed in a day;
And some said it would ever bloom,
  And some 'twould fade away.

And some said it was Happiness,
  And some said it was Spring,
And some said it was Grief and Tears
  And many such a thing;

But still the little flower bloomed,
  And still it lived and throve;
And *men* do call it "Summer Growth,"
  But *angels* call it "Love."

Thomas Hood.

32 *Tune, C.M., S.S. Services and Hymnal, page 174.*
For Daily Strength.

WHEREVER in the world I am,
  In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
  To keep and cultivate;
A work of lowly love to do
  For Him on whom I wait.

I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
  Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles
  And wipe the weeping eyes;
A heart at leisure from itself
  To soothe and sympathize.

And if some things I do not ask
  Among my blessings be,
I'd have my spirit filled the more
  With grateful love to Thee;
More careful, not to serve Thee much,
  But please Thee perfectly.

In service which Thy will appoints
  There are no bonds for me;
My inmost heart is taught the truth
  That makes Thy children free.
A life of self-renouncing love
  Is one of liberty.

Anna L. Waring.

33 *Tune, C.M., S.S. Services and Hymnal, page 174.*
My Times are in Thy Hand. Ps. xxxi: 15.

FATHER, I know that all my life
  Is portioned out for me;
The changes that will surely come
  I do not fear to see.
I ask Thee for a present mind
  Intent on pleasing Thee.

I would not have the restless will
  That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do
  Or secret thing to know;
I would be treated as a child,
  And guided where I go.

I ask Thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied;
A mind to blend with outward life
While keeping at Thy side;
Content to fill a little space
If Thou be glorified.

Briers beset my every path,
That call for patient care;
There is a cross in every lot,
An earnest need for prayer;
But lowly hearts that lean on Thee
Are happy anywhere.

Anna L. Waring.

34 *Tune, C. M., S.S. Services and Hymnal, page 33.*

PRUNE thou thy words, the thoughts control
That o'er thee swell and throng;
They will condense within thy soul,
And change to purpose strong.

But he who lets his feelings run
In soft luxurious flow,
Shrinks when hard service must be done
And faints at every woe.

Faith's meanest deed more favor bears
Where hearts and wills are weighed,
Than brightest transports, choicest prayers
Which bloom their hour and fade.

John Henry Newman.

35 *Tune, C.M., S.S. Services and Hymnal, page 134.*
Effort.

SCORN not the slightest word or deed,
Nor deem it void of power;
There's fruit in each wind-wafted seed
That waits its natal hour.

A whispered word may touch the heart
And call it back to life;
A look of love bid sin depart
And still unholy strife.

No act falls fruitless; none can tell
How vast its power may be,
Nor what results infolded dwell
Within it silently.

Work on, despair not; bring thy mite,
Nor care how small it be;
God is with all that serve the right,
The holy, true, and free.

Anon.

36 *Tune, C.M., S.S. Services and Hymnal, page 150.*

NEW words to speak, new thoughts to hear,
New love to give and take;
Perchance new burdens I may bear
Today for love's sweet sake.

New hopes to open in the sun;
New efforts worth the will;
Or tasks with yesterday begun
More bravely to fulfill.

Fresh seeds for all the time to be
Are in my hand to sow,
Whereby, for others and for me,
Undreamed of fruit may grow.

And if, when eventide shall fall
In shade across my way,
It seems that nought my thoughts recall
But life of every day,

Yet if each step in shine or shower
Shall be with Thee for guide,
Then blest be every happy hour
That keeps me at Thy side!

Anon.

37 *Tune, C. M., S. S. Services and Hymnal, page 44.*
The Thought of God.

ONE thought I have, my ample creed,
So deep it is and broad,
And equal to my every need —
It is the thought of God.

Each morn unfolds some fresh surprise,
I feast at Life's full board;
And rising in my inner skies
Shines forth the thought of God.

At night my gladness is my prayer;
I drop my daily load,
And every care is pillowed there
Upon the thought of God.

I ask not far before to see,
  But take in trust my road;
Life, death, and immortality
  Are in my thought of God.

Be still the light upon my way,
  My pilgrim staff and rod,
My rest by night, my strength by day,
  O blessèd thought of God.

F. L. Hosmer.

38 *Tune, C. M., S. S. Services and Hymnal, page 45.*
Consecration.

O God, whose law is in the sky,
  Whose light is on the sea,
Who livest in the human heart,
  We give ourselves to Thee.

In fearless, world-wide search for truth,
  Whatever form it wear,
Or crown or cross or fame or blame,
  We thine ourselves declare.

In love that binds mankind in one,
  That serves all those in need,
Whose law is helpful sympathy—
  In this we're thine indeed.

In labor, whose far-distant end
  Is bringing to accord
The real fact with highest hope,
  We follow thee, O Lord!

To truth, to love, to duty, then,
  Wherever we may be,
We give ourselves! and, doing this,
  We give ourselves to Thee.

M. J. Savage.

39 *Tune, C.M., S.S. Service Book and Hymnal, 180.*
Serving Man.

The cattle on a thousand hills
  With all their flocks are Thine;
The corn that waves in every vale,
  The grape and all its wine.
We cannot minister to Thee
  Who everything dost own;
Our duty we can only pay
  By serving man alone.

To teach the world's dark ignorance,
  To lift up those that fall,
To cheer the sad, and stoop to hear
  The needy when they call,—
This is an offering worthy God,
  A sacrifice divine.
With hearts and hands made holy thus,
  We may approach His shrine.

M. J. Savage.

40 *Tune, C. M., Hymns of the Ch. Universal, p. 117.*
Who is Thy Neighbor?

Who is thy neighbor? He whom thou
  Hast power to aid or bless;
Whose aching heart or burning brow
  Thy soothing hand may press.

Thy neighbor? 'Tis the fainting poor,
  Whose eye with want is dim;
Oh, enter thou his humble door,
  With aid and peace for him!

Thy neighbor? He who drinks the cup
  When sorrow drowns the brim.
With words of high, sustaining hope
  Go thou and comfort him.

Thy neighbor? Pass no mourner by.
  Perhaps thou canst redeem
A breaking heart from misery;
  Go share thy lot with him.

Peabody.

41 *Tune, Carol, page 14.*
A Song of Trust.

O Love divine, of all that is
  The sweetest still and best,
Fain would I come and rest tonight
  Upon Thy tender breast.
I pray Thee turn me not away;
  For, sinful though I be,
Thou knowest everything I need
  And all my need of Thee.

And yet the spirit in my heart
  Says, Wherefore should I pray
That Thou shouldst seek me with Thy love
  Since Thou dost seek alway?

And dost not even wait until
I urge my steps to Thee,
But in the darkness of my life
Art coming still to me.

But Thou wilt hear the thought I mean
And not the words I say;
Wilt hear the thanks among the words
That only seem to pray.
Still, still Thy love will beckon me,
And still Thy strength will come
In many ways to bear me up
And bring me to my home.

John W. Chadwick.

42 *Tune, C. M., S. S. Service Book and Hymnal, 56.*

SING praise to God for sun and shade,
For summer's smiles and tears,
For all the blessings He hath laid
Upon our op'ning years.

Sing to each other truer love,
Affection's kindly glow;
The tenderness of God above
In human hearts below.

E'en as the dews at evening fall,
So, smiling on the day,
Does God at eve upon us all
His benediction lay.

John D. Long.

43 *Tune, C. M., S. S. Service Book and Hymnal, 42.*
A Song of Faith.

WE pray no more, made lowly wise,
For miracle and sign:
Anoint our eyes to see within
The common the divine.

We turn, from seeking Thee afar
And in unwonted ways,
To build from out our daily lives
The temples of Thy praise.

And if Thy casual comings, Lord,
To hearts of old were dear,
What joy shall dwell within the faith
That feels Thee ever near!

And nobler yet shall duty grow,
And more shall worship be,
When thou art found in all our life,
And all our life in Thee.

F. L. Hosmer.

44 *Tune, C. M., S. S. Service Book and Hymnal, 97.*
Prayer.

FATHER, we would not dare to change
Thy purpose, if we might;
For how shall man presume to teach
The everlasting Right?

No word of ours can make Thee wise
Or better than thou art;
And yet we lift our souls to thee
For what Thou canst impart.

Our prayer is but a flower that lifts
Its petals to the sun,
That in the light it may unfold
Its leaflets one by one.

We only ask Thyself; that we,
Unfolding hour by hour
The beauty of good deeds, may drink
Thy life in like the flower.

M. J. Savage.

45 *Tune, C. M., S. S. Service Book and Hymnal, 19.*
The Indwelling God.

OH, not in far-off realms of space,
The spirit hath its throne:
In every heart, it findeth place,
And waiteth to be known.

Thought answereth alone to thought,
And soul with soul hath kin:
The outward God he findeth not
Who finds not God within.

And if the vision come to thee,
Revealed by inward sign,
Earth will be full of Deity,
And with His glory shine.

Thou shalt not wait for company,
Nor pitch thy tent alone;
The indwelling God will go with thee,
And show thee of His own.

O gift of gifts! O grace of grace!
That God should condescend
To make thy heart His dwelling place,
And be thy daily friend!

F. L. Hosmer.

46 *Tune, C.M., S.S. Services and Hymnal, page 195.*
Divine Help.

O NAME all other names above,
What art Thou not to me,
Now I have learned to trust Thy love
And cast my care on Thee!

What is our being but a cry,
A restless longing still,
Which Thou alone canst satisfy,
Alone Thy fullness fill?

Thrice blessèd be the holy souls
That lead the way to Thee,
That burn upon the martyr rolls
And lists of prophecy!

And sweet it is to tread the ground
O'er which their faith hath trod;
But sweeter far, when Thou art found,
The soul's own sense of God.

The thought of Thee all sorrow calms;
Our anxious burdens fall;
His crosses turn to triumph-palms
Who finds in God his all.

F. L. Hosmer.

47 *Tune, C. M., Hymns of the Ch. Universal, p. 117.*
Be True to Yourself.

BE true to every inmost thought;
Be as thy thought thy speech;
What thou hast not by suffering bought,
Presume thou not to teach.

Woe, woe to him, on safety bent,
Who creeps to age from youth,
Failing to grasp his life's intent,
Because he fears the truth.

Show forth thy light! If conscience gleam,
Cherish the rising glow:
The smallest spark may shed its beam
O'er thousand hearts below.

Guard thou the fact, though clouds of night
Down on thy watch-tower stoop,
Though thou shouldst see thine heart's delight
Borne from thee by their swoop.

Face thou the wind, though safer seem
In shelter to abide.
We were not made to sit and dream:
The true must first be tried.

Alford.

48 *Tune, C. M., Franklin Square, page 8.*
A Glad New Year.

WELCOME from God, O glad new year,
Thy paths all yet untrod,
But prophecy and promise, all —
O glad new year of God!

Another year of setting suns,
Of stars by night revealed,
Of springing grass, of tender buds
By winter's snow concealed.

Another year of summer's glow,
Of autumn's gold and brown,
Of waving fields, and ruddy fruit
The branches weighing down.

Another year of happy work
That better is than play;
Of simple cares, and love that grows
More sweet from day to day.

Another year of baby mirth,
And childhood's blessed ways;
Of thinker's thought and prophet's dream,
And poet's tender lays.

Another year at beauty's feast
At every moment spread;
Of silent hours when grow distinct
The voices of the dead.

Another year to follow hard
Where better souls have trod;
Another year of life's delight;
Another year of God.

J. W. Chadwick.

49 *Tune, C. M., Franklin Square, page 8.*
Speak Gently.

SPEAK gently — it is better far
To rule by love than fear;
Speak gently — let no harsh word mar
The good we might do here.

Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the careworn heart;
The sands of life are nearly run,
Let such in peace depart.

Speak gently, kindly to the poor,
Let no hard tone be heard;
They have enough they must endure
Without an unkind word!

Speak gently! — 'tis a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well!
The good, the joy that it may bring
Eternity shall tell.

Eliza Cook.

50 *Tune, C. M., Hymns of the Church Universal, p. 25.*
The Book of Nature.

THERE is a book who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts,
And all the lore its scholars need
Pure eyes and [earnest] hearts.

The works of God, above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book, to show
How God Himself is found.

The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed, great and small
In peace and order move.

Thou who hast given us eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give us a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee everywhere!

Keble.

51 *Tune, C.M., Hymns of the Church Universal, p. 141.*
Kindly Judgment.

THINK gently of the erring one;
Oh, let us not forget,
However darkly stained by sin,
He is our brother yet!

Heir of the same inheritance,
Child of the selfsame God,
He hath but fallen in the path
We have in weakness trod.

Speak gently to the erring ones!
We yet may lead them back,
With holy words and tones of love
From misery's thorny track.

Forget not, brother, thou hast sinned,
And sinful yet may'st be;
Deal gently with the erring heart,
As God hath dealt with thee.

Miss Fletcher.

52 *Tune, C. M., S.S. Services and Hymnal, p. 148.*
Psalm xliii.

As pants the hart for cooling streams
When heated in the chase;
So longs my soul, O God, for Thee
And Thy refreshing grace.

For Thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine:
O when shall I behold Thy face,
Thou Majesty divine?

Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Trust God: who will employ
His aid for thee, and change these sighs
To thankful hymns of joy.

Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still: and thou shalt sing
The praise of Him who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.

Rev. H. F. Lyte.

53 *Tune, C. M., S.S. Services and Hymnal, p. 149.*
For a Tender Conscience.

I WANT a principle within
Of jealous, godly fear;
A sensibility to sin,
A pain to find it near.

I want the first approach to feel
Of pride, or fond desire;
To catch the wandering of my will,
And quench the kindling fire.

From Thee that I no more may part,
No more Thy goodness grieve,
The filial awe, the fleshly heart,
The tender conscience give.

Quick as the apple of an eye,
O God, my conscience make;
Awake my soul when sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake.

Rev. Charles Wesley.
J. E. Gould.

54 *Tune, C.M., S. S. Services and Hymnal, page 69.*
The Hymn of Summer.

How glad the tone when summer's sun
Wreathes the gay world with flowers,
And trees bend down with golden fruit,
And birds are in their bowers.
The morn sends silent music down
Upon each earthly thing;
And always since creation's dawn
The stars together sing.

Shall man remain in silence, then,
While all beneath the skies
The chorus join? No: let us sing;
And while our voices rise,
Oh, let our lives, great God! breathe forth
A constant melody,
And every action be a tone
In that sweet hymn to Thee!

J. Richardson.

55 *Tune, C.M., S. S Services and Hymnal, page 164.*
All as God Wills.

ALL as God wills! who wisely heeds
To give or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told.

Enough, that blessings undeserved
Have marked my erring track;
That, wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,
Thy chastening turned me back;

That more and more a providence
Of love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
Bright with eternal good;

That death seems but a covered way
Which opens into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight.

No longer forward or behind
I look, in hope or fear,
But grateful take the good I find,
God's blessing now and here.

Whittier.

56 *Tune, C.M., S.S. Service Book and Hymnal, 130.*
All Equal Before God.

ALL men are equal in their birth,
Heirs of the earth and skies;
All men are equal when that earth
Fades from their dying eyes.

God meets the throngs who pay their vows
In courts that hands have made,
And hears the worshipper who bows
Beneath the plantain shade.

'Tis man alone who difference sees,
And speaks of high and low,
And worships those and tramples these,
While the same path they go.

Oh, let man hasten to restore
To all their rights of love!
In power and wealth exult no more,
In wisdom lowly move.

Ye great, renounce your earth-born pride;
  Ye low, your shame and fear.
Live, as ye worship, side by side;
  Your brotherhood revere.

H. Martineau.

57 *Tune, C. M., S. S Service Book and Hymnal, 162.*
The Law of Love. 2 Kings iv: 3.

MAKE channels for the streams of love
  Where they may broadly run,
And love has overflowing streams
  To fill them every one.

But if at any time we cease
  Such channels to provide,
The very founts of love for us
  Will soon be parched and dried.

For we must share if we would keep
  That blessing from above;
Ceasing to give we cease to have —
  Such is the law of love.

Archbishop Richard C. Trench.

58 *Tune, C. M., S. S. Service Book and Hymnal, 67.*

O LITTLE birds that all day long
  Carol in ev'ry tree,
What is the secret of your song,
  The meaning of your glee?
You are so very, very glad:
  How loving God must be!

Dear flowers that blossom round my feet,
  It fills my heart to see
Your smiling faces when you meet
  God's wind upon the lea;
You seem to laugh for happiness:
  How loving God must be!

And all day long our hearts rejoice —
  God cares for you and me.
We are but children, yet our voice
  May praise Him merrily;
And we can sing like all the birds,
  How loving God must be!

59 *Tune, C. M., S. S. Service Book and Hymnal, 19.*

NOT only for some task sublime
  Thy help do I implore,
Not only at some solemn time
  Thy holy spirit pour,

But for each daily task of mine
  I need Thy quickening power;
I need Thy presence everywhere,
  I need Thee every hour.

Each action finds in Thee its spring;
  Each joy Thy love makes bright;
Each footstep is Thine ordering;
  Each grief shines in Thy light.

T. H. Gill.

60 *Tune, C. M., S. S. Service Book and Hymnal, 162.*
My Dead.

I CANNOT think of them as dead
  Who walk with me no more;
Along the path of life I tread,
  They have but gone before.

The Father's house is mansioned fair
  Beyond my vision dim;
All souls are His, and here or there
  Are living unto Him.

And still their silent ministry
  Within my heart hath place,
As when on earth they walked with me
  And met me face to face.

Their lives are made forever mine.
  What they to me have been
Hath left henceforth its seal and sign
  Engraven deep within.

Mine are they by an ownership
  Nor time nor death can free,
For God hath given to Love to keep
  Its own eternally.

F. L. Hosmer.

61 *Tune, C. M., Fair Harvard.*
A Psalm of Trust.

I LITTLE see, I little know,
Yet can I fear no ill;
He who hath guided me till now
Will be my leader still.

No burden yet on me was laid
Of trouble or of care,
But He my trembling step hath stayed
And given me strength to bear.

I came not hither of my will
Or wisdom of mine own;
That higher Power upholds me still,
And still must bear me on.

And so my onward way I fare
With happy heart and calm,
And mingle with my daily care
The music of my psalm.

F. L. Hosmer.

62 *Tune, C. M., S. S. Services and Hymnal, page 44.*
The Church Universal.

ONE holy Church of God appears
Through every age and race,
Unwasted by the lapse of years,
Unchanged by changing place.

From oldest time, on farthest shores,
Beneath the pine or palm,
One Unseen Presence she adores,
With silence or with psalm.

Her priests are all God's faithful sons,
To serve the world raised up;
The pure in heart her baptized ones;
Love, her communion cup.

The truth is her prophetic gift,
The soul her sacred page;
And feet on mercy's errands swift
Do make her pilgrimage.

O living Church! thine errand speed,
Fulfill thy task sublime;
With bread of life earth's hunger feed—
Redeem the evil time!

S. Longfellow.

63 *Tune, C. M., S. S. Services and Hymnal, page 45.*
Assured.

I LONG for household voices gone,
For vanished smiles I long;
But God hath led my dear ones on,
And He can do no wrong.

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel and surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

And, if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed He will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

And so beside the Silent Sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

J. G. Whittier.

64 *Tune, C. M., S. S. Service Book and Hymnal, 56.*

IT surely is a wasted heart,
It is a wasted mind,
That seeks not in the inner world
Its happiness to find.

For happiness is like the bird
That broods above its nest,
And finds beneath its folded wings
Life's dearest and its best.

Letitia E. Landon.

65 *Tune, C. M., S. S. Services and Hymnal, page 150.*

MANY in one, our fathers said;
Many in one, say we.
Of different creeds, of different forms,
Love brings us unity.

Let Science scan earth's open page,
And suns and planets trace;
Let art reveal the inner thought
In Nature's forms of grace.

Let Faith attune the hidden strings
That Science may not sound,
And future, past, and present bind
In one harmonious round.

From each, from all, may life outflow,
From each and all flow in.
It needs them all to swell the chords
Of life's triumphant hymn.

Adapted from Mrs. E. D. Cheney.

66 *Tune, C. M., S. S. Services and Hymnal, page 164.*
Walk in the Light.

WALK in the light! so shalt thou know
That fellowship of love
His Spirit only can bestow,
Who reigns in light above.

Walk in the light! and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly His,
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.

Walk in the light! and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away,
Because that light hath on thee shone
In which is perfect day.

Walk in the light! and thine shall be
A path, though thorny, bright;
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
And God himself is light.

Bernard Barton.

67 *Tune, C. M., S. S. Services and Hymnal, page 185.*
A New Year.

OUR Father, through the coming year
We know not what shall be;
But we would leave, without a fear,
Its ordering all to Thee.

It may be we shall toil in vain
For what the world holds fair;
And all its good we thought to gain
Deceive, and prove but care.

It may be it shall bring us days
And nights of lingering pain,
And bid us take our farewell gaze
Of these loved haunts of men.

But calmly, Lord, on Thee we rest;
No fears our trust shall move;
Thou knowest what for each is best;
And Thou art perfect love.

Gaskell.

68 *Tune, C. M., S. S. Services and Hymnal, page 186.*
On the Field.

HE always wins who sides with God,
To him no chance is lost;
God's will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.

And blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field when He
Is most invisible!

Muse on His justice, downcast soul!
Muse, and take better heart;
Back with thine angel to the field,
And bravely do thy part.

For right is right, since God is God,
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin!

F. W. Faber.

69 *Tune, C. M., S. S. Services and Hymnal, page 155.*
Prayer.

I DO not pray because I would,
  I pray because I must;
There is no meaning in my prayer
  But thankfulness and trust.

I would not have Thee otherwise
  Than what Thou still must be;
Yea, Thou art God, and what Thou art
  Is ever best for me.

And Thou wilt hear the thought I mean
  And not the words I say;
Wilt hear the thanks among the words
  That only seem to pray.

J. W. Chadwick.

70 *Tune, C. M., S. S. Services and Hymnal, page 134.*
Aspiration.

THE dove, let loose in eastern skies,
  Returning fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
  Where idle warblers roam.

But high she shoots through air and light,
  Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
  Nor shadow dims her way.

So grant me, Lord, from every snare
  Of sinful passion free,
Aloft, through faith's serener air,
  To urge my course to Thee;

No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
  My soul, as home she springs,
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
  Thy freedom on her wings.

T. Moore.

71 *Tune, C. M., S. S. Service Book and Hymnal, 130.*
"Blessed Are They That Mourn."

FROM lips divine, like healing balm
  To hearts oppressed and torn,
The heavenly consolation fell,
  "Blessed are they that mourn."

Unto the hopes by sorrow crushed
  A noble faith succeeds;
And life, by trials furrowed, bears
  The fruit of loving deeds.

How rich, how sweet, how full of strength
  Our human spirits are,
Baptized into the sanctities
  Of suffering and of prayer!

Yes, heavenly wisdom, love divine,
  Breathed through the lips which said,
"Oh, blessed are the hearts that mourn:
  They shall be comforted."

W. H. Burleigh.

72 *Tune, C. M., S. S. Services and Hymnal, page 45.*

OPE, ope, my soul! around thee press
  A thousand things of worth;
All glory and all holiness
  Are waiting to have birth.

Lie open; love and duty stand,
  Thy guardian angels, near,
To lead thee gently by the hand—
  Their words of welcome hear.

Lie open, soul; the Beautiful,
  That all things doth embrace,
Shall ev'ry passion sweetly lull,
  And clothe thee in her grace.

Lie open, soul; the great and wise
  About thy portal throng;
The wealth of souls before thee lies,
  Their gifts to thee belong.

Lie open, soul, in watchfulness
  Each brighter glory win;
The universe thy heart shall bless,
  And strength shall enter in.

73 *Tune, C. M., S. S. Services and Hymnal, page 21.*
We Bring Our Hearts.

WE bring, O Lord, our hearts to Thee;
O make them truly Thine!
Fill them with love and purity,
With light and life divine.

We know not in what words to pray
To Thee, so great and wise;
But Thou dost hear each word we say,
And Thou dost hear our sighs.

For when his loving children speak,
A father loves to hear;
As loving children, Lord, we seek
Our Father ever near.

O Father, we have nothing brought
But these, our hearts, to Thee;
O make us Thine in deed and thought;
Thine evermore to be.

Thomas Sadler.

74 *Tune, C. M., S. S. Services and Hymnal, page 7.*
The Still, Small Voice.

THERE is a mother's voice of love
To hush her little child;
There is a father's voice of praise,
So earnest and so mild.

But there is yet another voice,
That speaks in gentle tone —
I think that we can hear it best
When we are quite alone.

It is a still, small, holy voice,
The voice of God most high,
That whispers always in our heart
And says that He is by.

The voice will blame us when we're wrong,
And praise us when we're right;
We hear it in the light of day
And in the quiet night.

And even they whose ears are deaf
To every other sound —
When they have listened, in their hearts
The little voice have found.

And they have felt that God is good,
And thanked Him for His voice
That taught them what was right and true,
And made their hearts rejoice.

M. J. Savage.

75 *Tune, C. M., S. S. Services and Hymnal, page 183.*
Spring.

THE softened mold is brown and warm,
The early blossoms break,
And loosened streams along their banks
A mossy verdure make.

A dewy light broods o'er the earth,
A sweetness new and rare,
And tumults of brook, bird, and breeze
With music wake the air.

Awake, O heart! awake and learn
The secret of the spring!
From winter sleep it comes like light,
Or as a bird on wing.

And if I shall be winter-locked,
As sometime I may be;
If bitter storms and freezing snows
Come whirling down on me —

Let me lie patient, like the earth,
And say, "This shall be rest;"
And then, O Lord! at thy dear call
Arise renewed and blest.

J. V. Blake.

76 *Tune, C. M., S. S. Services and Hymnal, page 67.*
Nature's Worship.

THE harp at nature's advent strung
Has never ceased to play;
The song the stars of morning sung
Has never died away.

The green earth sends her incense up
From many a mountain shrine;
From folded leaf and dewy cup
She pours her sacred wine.

The blue sky is the temple's arch;
  Its transept, earth and air;
The music of its starry march,
  The chorus of a prayer.

So Nature keeps the reverent frame
  With which her years began,
And all her signs and voices shame
  The prayerless heart of man.

J. G. Whittier.

77 *Tune, C.M.D., S.S. Services and Hymnal, page 69.*

ROUSE up to work that waits for us,
  O spendthrifts of today!
We'll make our daily record
  A grand one while we may.

REFRAIN.

There's work to do, there's work to do,
  To help our fellow man,
In earth's great field of labor
  We'll do the best we can.

Shake off the sloth that fetters us,
  Put on the will that wins;
The battle, for the earnest,
  In their own heart begins.

No nobler hero in the fight,
  Since battle-fields began,
Than he who serves the right
  And does the best he can.

To work while day is passing,
  And at life's setting sun
When all our sheaves are gathered
  Shall truest peace be won.

Eben E. Rexford.

78 *Tune, C.M.D., S.S. Services and Hymnal, page 66.*
Listening for God.

I HEAR it often in the dark,
  I hear it in the light—
Where is the voice that calls to me
  With such a quiet might?
It seems but echo to my thought,
  And yet beyond the stars;
It seems a heart-beat in a hush,
  And yet the planet jars!

Oh, may it be that far within
  My inmost soul there lies
A spirit sky, that opens with
  Those voices of surprise?
And can it be, by night and day,
  That firmament serene
Is just the heaven where God himself,
  The Father, dwells unseen?

O God within, so close to me
  That every thought is plain,
Be Judge, be Friend, be Father still,
  And in thy heaven reign!
Thy heaven is mine—my very soul!
  Thy words are sweet and strong;
They fill my inward silences
  With music and with song.

They send me challenges to right,
  And loud rebuke my ill;
They ring my bells of victory,
  They breathe my "Peace, be still!"
They ever seem to say, "My child,
  Why seek me so all day?
Now journey inward to thyself,
  And listen by the way."

W. C. Gannett.

79 *Tune, C. M. D., S.S. Service Book and Hymnal, 97.*
The Secret Place.

THE Lord is in His holy place,
  In all things near and far.
Shekinah of the snowflake, He,
  And glory of the star,
And secret of the April-land
  That stirs the field to flowers,
Whose little tabernacles rise
  To hold Him through the hours.

He hides Himself within the love
  Of those whom we love best;
The smiles and tones that make our homes
  Are shrines by Him possessed;
He tents within the lonely heart,
  And shepherds every thought:
We find Him not by seeking long;
  We lose Him not, unsought.

Rev. W. C. Gannett.

80 *Tune, C M D., S. S. Service Book and Hymnal, 97.*
Meekness.

LORD! when I all things would possess,
I crave but to be Thine.
Oh, lowly is the loftiness
Of these desires divine!
Each gift but helps my soul to learn
How boundless is Thy store:
I go from strength to strength, and yearn
For Thee, my helper, more.

How can my soul divinely soar,
How keep the shining way,
And not more tremblingly adore,
And not more humbly pray?
The more I triumph in Thy gifts,
The more I wait on Thee,
The grace that mightily uplifts
Most sweetly humbles me.

T. H. Gill.

81 *Tune, L. M., S. S. Services and Hymnal, page 60.*

SWEET morn! from countless cups of gold
Thou liftest reverently on high
More incense fine than earth can hold,
To fill the sky.

One interfusion wide of love,
Thine airs and odors moist ascend,
And 'mid the azure depths above,
With light they blend.

In man, O morn! a loftier good,
With conscious blessing, fills the soul,
A life by reason understood,
Which metes the whole.

To thousand tasks of fruitful hope,
With skill against his toil he bends,
And finds his work's determined scope
Where'er he wends.

From earth and earthly toil and strife
To deathless aims his love may rise,
Each dawn may wake to better life,
With purer eyes.

Like earth, awake, and warm and bright
With joy the spirit moves and burns;
So up to Thee, O Fount of Light!
Our light returns.

John Sterling.

82 *Tune, C. M. D., S. S. Services and Hymnal, p. 189.*
Pray Without Ceasing.

WHILE Thee I seek, protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.
Thy love the powers of tho't bestowed,
To Thee my thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed,
That mercy I adore.

In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see:
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by Thee.
In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise
Or seek relief in prayer.

When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet Thy will.
My lifted eye, without a tear,
The lowering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear,
That heart will rest on Thee.

Helen Maria Williams.

83 *Tune, C. H. M., S. S. Services and Hymnal, p. 186.*

I LOOK to Thee in ev'ry need,
And never look in vain;
I feel thy touch, Eternal Love,
And all is well again:
The thought of Thee is mightier far
Than sin and pain and sorrow are.

Discouraged in the work of life,
Disheartened by its load,
Shamed by its failures or its fears,
I sink beside the road;
But let me only think of Thee,
And then new heart springs up in me.

Thy calmness bends serene above,
My restlessness to still;
Around me flows Thy quickening life
To nerve my faltering will;
Thy presence fills my solitude;
Thy providence turns all to good.

Embosomed deep in Thy dear love,
Held in Thy law, I stand;
Thy hand in all things I behold,
And all things in Thy hand;
Thou leadest me by unsought ways,
And turn'st my mourning into praise.

Samuel Longfellow.

84 *Tune, S.M., Hymns of the Ch. Universal, pp. 28, 190*

Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thine hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broad cast it o'er the land.

Beside all waters sow,
The highway furrows stock;
Cast it where thorns and thistles grow,
Cast it upon the rock.

The good, the fruitful ground,
Expect not here nor there;
O'er hill and dale, by plots 'tis found;
Go forth, then, ev'rywhere.

And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

Thou canst not toil in vain;
Light, heat, and moisture, all
Shall foster and mature the grain,
For harvest in the fall.

James Montgomery.

85 *Tune, S.M., Hymns of the Church Universal, p. 187.*
Morning.

THROUGH dangers of the night,
Thou hast Thy children brought;
O may it be our chief delight
To serve Thee as we ought!

By Thee we live and move,
By Thee our being have,
Day after day our Father's love
Sustains the life He gave.

To give us light and heat
Thou sendest forth the sun,
So, Lord, we pray Thee guide our feet
Our daily course to run;

That when the day is done,
And night draws nigh again,
Our Father's smile we may have won,
For hours not spent in vain.

S. Childs Clarke.

86 *Tune, S. M., S. S. Services and Hymnal, page 20.*

BLEST are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs,
Their soul is his abode.

Still to the lowly soul
He doth Himself impart,
And for his temple and his throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

J. Keble.

87 *Tune, S. M., S. S. Services and Hymnal, page 168.*
For the Gifts of the Spirit.

SEND down Thy truth, O God!
Too long the shadows frown;
Too long the darkened way we've trod:
Thy truth, O Lord, send down.

Send down Thy Spirit free,
Till wilderness and town
One temple for Thy worship be:
Thy Spirit, oh, send down!

Send down Thy love, Thy life,
Our lesser lives to crown,
And cleanse them of their hate and strife,
Thy living love send down.

Send down Thy peace, O Lord!
Earth's bitter voices drown
In one deep ocean of accord:
Thy peace, O God, send down.

E. R. Sill.

88 *Tune. S. M., S S. Services and Hymnal, page 20.*
The Larger Prayer.

AT first I prayed for Light:
Could I but see the way,
How gladly, swiftly would I walk
To everlasting day!

And next I prayed for Strength:
That I might tread the road
With firm, unfaltering feet, and win
The heaven's serene abode.

And then I asked for Faith:
Could I but trust my God,
I'd live enfolded in His peace,
Though foes were all abroad.

But now I pray for Love:
Deep love to God and man;
A living love that will not fail,
However dark His plan.

And Light and Strength and Faith
Are opening everywhere!
God only waited for me till
I prayed the larger prayer.

Mrs. E. D. Cheney.

89 *Tune, S. M., S. S. Services and Hymnal, page 110.*
For Christian Principles.

MY God, my strength, my hope,
On Thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know Thou hear'st my prayer.

Give me on Thee to wait,
Till I can all things do,
On Thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill;

A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief and loss;
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated cross.

I want a godly fear,
A quick-discerning eye,
That looks to Thee when sin is near
And sees the tempter fly.

A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
Forever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till Thou my patient spirit guide
Into Thy perfect love.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

90 *Tune, S. M, S. S. Services and Hymnal, page 110.*
The Right is the Beautiful.

TEACH me, my God and King,
Thy will in all to see,
And what I do in anything
To do it as for Thee!

To scorn the senses' sway,
While still to Thee I tend.
In all I do be Thou the way,
In all be Thou the end.

All may of Thee partake,
  Nothing so small can be
But draws, when acted for Thy sake,
  Greatness and worth from Thee.

A servant with this clause
  Makes drudgery divine:
Who sweeps a room as for thy laws
  Makes that and th' action fine.

This is the famous stone
  That turneth all to gold;
For that which God doth touch and own
  Cannot for less be told.

George Herbert.

91 *Tune, P. M., S. S. Services and Hymnal, page 63.*
Lead Thou Me On.

LEAD, kindly Light! amid the encircling gloom,
  Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
  Lead Thou me on;
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
  Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
  Lead Thou me on:
I loved the garish day, and spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long Thy power has blessed me, sure it still
  Will lead me on [till
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent,
  The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile!

Rev. John Henry Newman, D.D.

92 *Tune, P. M., S. S. Service Book and Hymnal, 139.*
Little by Little.

LITTLE by little the time goes by;
Little by little the moments fly;
Little by little, an hour, a day,
Numbers its minutes, and flees away;
Little by little the race is run.
Trouble and waiting and toil are done.

Little by little the skies grow clear;
Little by little the sun comes near;
Little by little the days smile out,
Gladder and brighter on pain and doubt:
Little by little the seed we sow
Into a beautiful flower will grow.

Little by little the world grows strong,
Fighting the battle of right and wrong;
Little by little the wrong gives way;
Little by little the right has sway;
Little by little all longing souls
Struggle up nearer the shining goals.

Leon Herbert.

93 *Tune, P. M., S. S. Services and Hymnal, p. 16.*
Law of Beauty.

"WHAT is the law of thy beauty?"
  I asked of the op'ning rose,
The queen of the flowers of the garden,
  The copse, the field, the close:
And in odors sweet it said to me,
"Do thy duty, and thou shalt see!"

"What is the law of thy beauty?"
  I asked of the drop of dew
That hung in the plume of the daisy
  That leaned o'er violets blue:
And in crystal thoughts it said to me,
"Do thy duty, and thou shalt see!"

"What is the law of thy beauty?"
  I asked of the lichen pale
That grew like a dream of the spring-time
  Through winter's storm and hail:
And its tiny shields replied to me,
"Do thy duty, and thou shalt see!"

94 *Tune, Prayer, P. M., S.S. Service Book and Hymnal, 122.*

OUT of the darkness
  Into the Light,
Up from the shadow,
  Out of the night,
Into God's sunshine
  Clouds far above,
Into the freedom
  Found in His love.

Out of the worry
  Into the Peace,
Knowing that with Him
  Trouble will cease.
Leaving for suffering
  No place to win,
Letting the joy *out*
  'Prisoned within.

God all about us,
  God in our soul,
Let all the rest go,
  Live in the whole.
Meeting our sorrows,
  Touch them with light,
Glories imprisoned
  Leap into sight.

A. S. P.

95 *Tune, 6s and 4s, S.S. Services and Hymnal, p. 175. The Undying Things.*

KIND words can never die,
  Cherished and blest:
God knows how deep they lie
  Stored in the breast.
Like childhood's simple rhymes,
Said o'er a thousand times,
And in all years and climes,
  They cannot die.

Sweet thoughts can never die,
  Though, like the flowers,
Their brightest hues may fly
  In wintry hours;
But, when the gentle dew
Gives them their charms anew,
With many an added hue
  They bloom again.

Childhood can never die:
  Thoughts of the past
Float in the memory,
  Bright to the last.
Many a happy thing,
Many a sunny spring,
Come on time's ceaseless wing
  Back to the heart.

The soul can never die,
  Though in the tomb
Our mortal bodies lie,
  Wrapt in its gloom.
What though the flesh decay?
The soul will pass away,
And live in endless day
  With God above.

96 *Tune, 6. 4., S. S. Services and Hymnal, page 175. Nearer to Thee.*

NEARER, my God, to Thee,
  Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
  That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,—
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
  Nearer to Thee!

Though, like the wanderer,
  The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
  My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
  Nearer to Thee!

There let the way appear
  Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
  In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
  Nearer to Thee!

Then, with my waking thoughts
  Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
  Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
  Nearer to Thee!

Or if, on joyful wing
  Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
  Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,—
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
  Nearer to Thee!

Mrs. S. F. Adams.

97 *Tune, America.*
National Hymn.

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,—
  Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
  Let freedom ring!

My native country, thee,—
Land of the noble free,—
  Thy name I love:
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
  Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
  Sweet freedom's song!
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,—
  The sound prolong!

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty—
  To Thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
  Great God, our King!

S. F. Smith.

98 *Tune, 6. 5., Hymns of the Church Universal, p. 236.*

Purer yet and purer
  I would be in mind,
Dearer yet and dearer
  Every duty find;

Hoping still and trusting
  God without a fear,
Patiently believing
  He will make all clear;

Calmer yet and calmer
  Trial bear and pain,
Surer yet and surer
  Peace at last to gain;

Suffering still and doing,
  To His will resigned,
And to God subduing
  Heart and will and mind.

Higher yet and higher,
  Out of clouds and night,
Nearer yet and nearer
  Rising to the light—

Light serene and holy,
  Where my soul may rest,
Purified and lowly,
  Sanctified and blest.

Anon.

Tune, 6. 5., S. S. Service Book and Hymnal, 196.
(Omit chorus.)

99 *Kindness.*

LITTLE deeds of kindness,
Trifling though they are,
How they seem to brighten
This dark world of care!
Little deeds of kindness,
O how potent they
To dispel the shadows
Of life's dreary day!

Little deeds of kindness,
How they cheer the heart;
What a world of gladness
Will a smile impart.
How a gentle accent
Calms the troubled soul,
When the waves of passion
O'er it wildly roll.

Little deeds of kindness,
Nothing do they cost;
Yet, when they are wanting,
Life's best charm is lost.
Little deeds of kindness,
Richest gems of earth,
Though they seem but trifles,
Priceless is their worth.

L. Herbert.

Tune, 6.5, Hymns of the Church Universal, p. 166.

100 *Opportunities.*

PLUCK the rose while blooming,
Now 'tis fresh and bright,
Wait not till to-morrow;
Time is swift in flight.

Do thy deeds of kindness
Ere to-morrow's light;
What may come we know not;
Time is swift in flight.

Wouldst thou make life useful?
Work before 'tis night,
Else thou'lt be regretting
Time is swift in flight.

A. N. Blatchford.

Tune, 6.5., Hymns of the Church Universal, p. 237.

101 *A Morning Wish.*

FATHER, holy Guardian,
In Thy tender love,
Make thy little children
Gentle as the dove.

Kind and very loving
To our playmates all;
Into angry passions
Never let us fall.

So that, when night cometh,
And we kneel to pray,
We may look in gladness
On our well-spent day;

And may feel Thy blessing
Fill each little breast,
Like a soft caressing
As we go to rest.

Eliza Cook.

Tune, 6. 5. D., S.S. Services and Hymnal, p. 77.

102 *Life is Onward.*

LIFE is onward — use it
With a forward aim;
Toil is heavenly — choose it,
And its warfare claim.
Look not to another
To perform your will;
Let not your own brother
Keep your warm hand still.

CHORUS.

Onward, then, oh! onward
Into God's own light;
Leave the past behind us,
Make the present bright.

Life is onward — never
Look upon the past;
It would hold you ever
In its clutches fast.
Now is your dominion,
Weave it as you please;
Bind not the soul's pinion
To a bed of ease.

Life is onward — try it
Ere the day is lost;
It has virtue — buy it,
At whatever cost.
If the world should offer
Every precious gem,
Look not at the scoffer,
Change it not for them.

Life is onward — heed it
In each varied dress;
Your own heart can speed it
On to happiness.
His bright pinion o'er you,
Time waves not in vain,
If hope chants before you
Her prophetic strain.

103 *Tune, 7., S. S. Services and Hymnal, page 109.*
Education.

LEARNERS are we all at school,
Eager youth and weary age,
Governed by the self-same rule,
Poring o'er the self-same page.

Life the lesson that we learn
As the days and years go by;
Wondrous are the leaves we turn
On the earth and in the sky.

Oft our sight with tears is blurred
While we strive in vain to tell
What may mean some harder word
Than our wisdom yet can spell.

But we read enough to trust
That our grand hopes are not ties,
That our hearts are more than dust,
And our homes are in the skies.

M. J. Savage.

104 *Tune, 7., S. S. Services and Hymnal, 113.*
The Builders.

ALL are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time:
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is or low;
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base;
And ascending and secure
Shall to-morrow find its place.

H. W. Longfellow.

105 *Tune, 7., S.S. Services and Hymnal, page 112.*
Duty.

THOU, whose name is blazoned forth
On our banner's gleaming fold,
Freedom! all thy sacred worth
Never yet has half been told.

But to-day we sing of one
Older, graver far than thou;
With the seal of time begun
Stamped upon her awful brow.

She is Duty: in her hand
Is a scepter heaven-brought;
Hers the accent of command,
Hers the dreadful, mystic *Ought.*

But her bondage is so sweet!
And her burdens make us strong:
Wings they seem to weary feet,
Laughter to our lips, and song.

Wheresoever she may lead,
Freshly burdened every day,
Freedom, make us free to speed
In her ever brightening way!

J. W. Chadwick.

106 *Tune, 7., S. S. Services and Hymnal, page 113.*
"Give Us Our Daily Bread."

DAY by day the manna fell:
Oh, to learn this lesson well!
Still by constant mercy fed,
Give me, Lord, my daily bread.

Day by day, the promise reads,
"Daily strength for daily needs:
Cast foreboding fears away;
Take the manna of today."

Lord, my times are in Thy hand:
All my sanguine hopes have planned
To Thy wisdom I resign,
And would mould my will to Thine.

Thou my daily task shalt give;
Day by day to Thee I live:
So shall added years fulfil
Not my own, my Father's will.

Josiah Conder.

107 *Tune, 7., Hymns of the Church Universal, p. 171.*

ALL before us lies the way;
Give the past unto the wind:
All before us is the day,
Night and darkness are behind.

Eden, with its angels bold,
Love and flowers and coolest sea,
Less is ancient story told
Than a glowing prophecy.

In the spirit's perfect air,
In the passions tame and kind,
Innocence from selfish care,
The real Eden we shall find.

When the soul to sin hath died,
True and beautiful and sound,
Then all earth is sanctified,
Up springs paradise around!

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

108 *Tune, 7., S. S. Services and Hymnal, page 180.*
"Happy New Year."

BACKWARD looking o'er the past,
Forward, too, with eager gaze,
Stand we here today, O God!
At the parting of the ways.

Tenderest thoughts our bosoms fill;
Memories all bright and fair
Seem to float on spirit-wings
Downward through the silent air.

Hark! through all their music sweet,
Hear you not a voice of cheer?
'Tis the voice of Hope which sings,
"Happy be the coming year!"

Father, comes that voice from Thee!
Swells it with thy meaning vast, —
Good in all Thy future stored,
Fairer than in all the past!

J. W. Chadwick.

109 *Tune, 7., S S. Services and Hymnal, page 109.*
Life of Ages.

LIFE of Ages, richly poured,
Love of God, unspent and free,
Flowing in the Prophet's word
And the People's liberty!

Never was to chosen race
That unstinted tide confined;
Thine is every time and place,
Fountain sweet of heart and mind!

Breathing in the thinker's creed,
Pulsing in the hero's blood,
Nerving simplest thought and deed,
Freshening time with truth and good,

Consecrating art and song,
Holy book and pilgrim track,
Hurling floods of tyrant wrong
From the sacred limits back, —

Life of Ages, richly poured,
Love of God, unspent and free,
Flow still in the Prophet's word
And the People's liberty!

S. Johnson.

110 *Tune, 7., S.S. Services and Hymnal, page 147.*
Life More Abundantly.

LIFE of all that lives below!
Let Thy spirit in us flow;
Let us all Thy life receive,
From Thee, in Thee, ever live.

Oh, for fuller life we pine!
Let us more receive of Thine;
Still for more on Thee we call,
Thou who fillest all in all!

Live we now in Thee; be fed
Daily with the living bread;
Into Thee our spirits grow;
Into us Thy spirit flow;

While we feel the vital blood,
While Thy full and quickening flood
Through life's every channel rolls,
Soul of all believing souls!

Anon.

111 *Tune, 7., Carol, page 21.*
Prayer for Inspiration.

HOLY Spirit, Truth divine!
Dawn upon this soul of mine;
Word of God, and inward Light!
Wake my spirit, clear my sight.

Holy Spirit, Love divine!
Glow within this heart of mine;
Kindle every high desire;
Perish self in Thy pure fire!

Holy Spirit, Power divine!
Fill and nerve this will of mine;
By Thee may I strongly live,
Bravely bear and nobly strive.

Holy Spirit, Right divine!
King within my conscience reign;
Be my Law, and I shall be
Firmly bound, forever free.

Holy Spirit, Peace divine!
Still this restless heart of mine;
Speak to calm this tossing sea,
Stayed in Thy tranquillity.

Holy Spirit, Joy divine!
Gladden Thou this heart of mine;
In the desert ways I sing
"Spring, O Well, forever spring."

Rev. S. Longfellow.

112 *Tune, 7., S.S. Services and Hymnal, page 123.*
Thanksgiving.

CAN a little child like me
Thank the Father fittingly?
Yes, O yes! be good and true,
Patient, kind in all you do;
Love the Lord, and do your part;
Learn to say with all your heart:
Father, I thank Thee!
Father, I thank Thee!
Dear Heavenly Father, I thank Thee

For the fruit upon the tree;
For the birds that sing of Thee;
For the earth in beauty dressed;
Father, mother, and the rest;
For Thy tender, loving care,
For Thy bounty everywhere,
Father, I thank Thee! etc.

A. N. Blatchford.

113 *Tune, 7., Hymns of the Church Universal, p. 268.*

IN this peaceful hour of prayer,
Stronger faith, O God, we seek;
Here we bring each earthly care:
Thou the strength'ning message speak!

In our greatest trials we
Calm through Thee the way have trod;
In the smallest may we feel
Thou art still our Helper-God.

Of Thy presence and Thy love
We more constant feeling need,
Till the high and holy thought
Hallow ev'ry simplest deed.

In our work and in our homes
True and loving we would be;
Learn how daily life affords
Noblest opportunity.

Anon.

114 *Tune, 7., Hymns of the Church Universal, p. 67, and F. Sq., p. 64.*

Struggle.

THERE'S a strife we all must wage,
From life's entrance to its close;
Blest the bold who dare engage!
Woe for him who seeks repose!

Honored they who firmly stand
While the conflict presses round,
God's own banner in their hand,
In His service faithful found.

What our foes? Each thought impure,
Passions fierce that tear the soul;
Every ill that we can cure,
Every crime we can control;

Every suffering which our hand
Can with soothing care assuage;
Every evil of our land,
Every error of our age.

On, then, to the glorious field!
He who dies his life shall save:
God himself shall be our shield,
He shall bless and crown the brave.

Bulfinch.

115 *Tune, 7s., S.S. Service Book and Hymnal, 3.*

Heredity.

HEIR of all the ages, I, —
Heir of all that they have wrought!
All their store of emprise high,
All their wealth of precious thought!

Every golden deed of theirs
Sheds its luster on my way;
All their labors, all their prayers,
Sanctify this present day.

Heir of all that they have earned
By their passion and their tears;
Heir of all that they have learned
Through the weary, toiling years;

Heir of all the faith sublime
On whose wings they soared to heaven;
Heir of every hope that Time
To earth's fainting sons hath given;

Aspirations pure and high;
Strength to do and to endure;
Heir of all the ages, I, —
Lo, I am no longer poor!

Julia C. R. Dorr.

116 *Tune, 7. D., Franklin Square, page 112.*

FILL the moments one by one
With good actions wisely done.
What thou canst of love today
Do it, and 'twill live alway.

Time the minutes sickles down;
Weave of them a golden crown:
In thy breast the bloom of youth,
In thy hand the staff of truth.

Wreathe thy brow in flowers of hope, —
Grieving souls to thee shall ope;
Love hold steadfast in thy heart, —
Life in erring ones shall start.

Cheerily thy speech employ,
All shall share thine oil of joy.
Be thou generous and free,
Life shall ne'er unfruitful be.

Adapted from Mrs. L. A. Fletcher.

117 *Tune, 7. D., S.S. Services and Hymnal, p. 137.*

WATCHMAN, tell us of the night, —
What its signs of promise are.
Traveler, o'er yon mountain's height
See that glory-beaming star!
Watchman, beauteous is its ray:
Of man's progress tells it aught?
Traveler, yes! it brings the day —
Day earth's prophets long have sought.

Watchman, tell us of the night:
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveler, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.

Watchman, will its beams alone
  Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveler, ages are its own:
  See! it bursts o'er all the earth.

Watchman, tell us of the night,
  For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveler, darkness takes its flight,
  Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, nay! ere ends our task
  Man entire must feel the glow!
Traveler, journey then, and ask
  All men faith and help to show!

Adapted from Bowring.

118 *Tune, 7. 6., S.S. Services and Hymnal, p. 70. Sunday Bells Are Calling.*

THE Sunday bells are calling
  Away from street and home;
Once more to Thee, O Father,
  With thankful hearts we come:
For all Thy countless blessings
  We praise Thy holy name,
And own Thy love unchanging,
  Through days and years the same.

For life, and health, and shelter,
  Thou send'st us night and day,
The kindness of our teachers,
  The gladness of our play;
For all the dear affection
  Of parents, brothers, friends,
To Him our thanks we render
  Who these and all things sends.

Thanks, too, for shame and sorrow
  When'er we choose the wrong,
For bright and happy spirits
  'Mid duty brave and strong;
For the sweet hope of heaven
  That meets us at the last,
When earthly tasks are ended,
  And earthly days are past.

S. S. Wesley.

119 *Tune, 7. 6., S.S. Service Book and Hymnal, 185.*

COME, sing with holy gladness,
  High hallelujahs sing;
Lift up your hearts and voices
  With new-awakened spring.
Sing, youths and gentle maidens,
  Your hymn of praise today,
With old men and with children,
  In sweet according lay.

The time of resurrection!
  Earth sings it all abroad;
The passover of gladness,
  The passover of God.
The sign of life eternal
  Is writ on earth and sky,
The hope forever vernal,
  Of life the victory.

Now let the heavens be joyful,
  The seas their bright waves swell;
Let the round world keep triumph
  With all that therein dwell;
Now let the seen and unseen
  In one glad anthem blend;
Let all our hearts be risen
  To life that hath no end.

120 *Tune, 7s. & 6s., S.S. Services and Hymnal, p. 6. Evening.*

THE shadows fall so gently
  Adown the evening sky,
And, one by one, so softly
  The stars look out on high!

With quiet benediction,
  That whispers, "All is best,"
The sky, like loving mother,
  The tired earth soothes to rest.

And, through this outward quiet,
  There comes an inward calm,
That to the soul's distraction
  Applies its healing balm.

The weary heart looks upward,
And sees God's stars at rest,
And hears His gentle whisper
Down falling, "All is best."

M. J. Savage.

121 *Tune, 7s, 6s, S.S. Services and Hymnal, p. 28.*
Dedication of a Church.

O God, the stars of splendor
Are Thine eternal throne;
What to Thee can we render
That is not now Thine own?
The earth, with all its wonder
Of stone and wood and gem,
All things the wide sky under—
Thou hast created them.

Behold what we have builded,
A temple to Thy praise!
But 'tis Thy wealth has gilded
The walls Thy power did raise.
Thine are its strength and beauty;
For in Thy might it stands
To speak of love and duty,
Pure hearts and helping hands.

How shall we consecrate it,
And make it truly Thine,
That naught may separate it
From all that is divine?
By seeking here forever
To find Thy truth; and then,
By one lifelong endeavor,
To help our fellow men.

M. J. Savage.

122 *Tune, 7s & 6s, S.S. Services & Hymnal, p. 128.*
One Fold and One Shepherd.

Now is the time approaching,
By prophets long foretold,
When all shall dwell together,
One Shepherd and one fold.
Now, Jew and Gentile, meeting
From many a distant shore,
Around one altar kneeling,
One common Lord adore.

Let all that now divides us
Remove and pass away,
Like shadows of the morning
Before the blaze of day.
Let all that now unites us
More sweet and lasting prove,
A closer bond of union
In a blest land of love.

O long-expected dawning,
Come with thy cheering ray:
Then shall the morning brighten,
The shadows flee away!
O sweet anticipation!
It cheers the watchers on
To pray and hope and labor
Till the dark night be gone.

Jane Borthwick.

123 *Tune, 7s, 6s, S.S Services and Hymnal, p. 197.*
Trust and Wait.

Misfortune's hand hangs o'er me,
My load of grief is great;
The path is rough before me,—
Be patient, trust and wait.

The night is dark above me,
Dawn breaks not, though 'tis late;
No heart awakes to love me,—
Be patient, trust and wait.

Whatever ill betide thee,
Though hopeless seem thy fate,
In high faith still abide thee,—
Be patient, trust and wait.

What though the clouds be o'er thee,
Nor storms their force abate?
His love still goes before thee,—
Be patient, trust and wait.

M. J. Savage.

124 *Tune, 7s, 6s, S.S. Services and Hymnal, p. 35.*
Worship.

WHEN, on some strain of music,
Our thoughts are wafted high;
When, touched with tender pity,
Kind tear-drops dim the eye;
When thrilled by scenes of grandeur
Or moved to deeds of love,
Do we not give Thee worship,
O God in heaven above?

For Thou art all life's beauty,
And Thou art all its good;
By Thy tides are we lifted
To every lofty mood.
Whatever good is in us,
Whatever good we see,
And every high endeavor,
Are they not all for Thee?

Be it the organ's pealing,
Be it some mountain high,
Be it the swell of ocean,
Or calm of star-lit sky;
Be it the grace of childhood
Or look of human love,
All love of good is worship
That lifts toward God above.

M. J. Savage.

125 *Tune, 7s, 6s. D., S.S. Services & Hymnal, p. 35.*
What I Live For.

I LIVE for those who love me,
For those I know are true,
For ideals high above me
That demand a spirit true;
For all human ties that bind me,
For the tasks divine assigned me,
For the bright hopes left behind me,
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story
Who've suffered for my sake,
To emulate their glory
And follow in their wake —
Bards, martyrs, patriots, sages,
The noble of all ages,
Whose deeds crowd history's pages
And time's great volume make.

I live to hail that season
By gifted minds foretold,
When men shall live by reason,
And not alone by gold;
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted
With love that's never old.

I live to hold communion
With all that is divine,
To feel there is a union
'Twixt nature's heart and mine;
To profit by affliction,
Reap truths from fields of fiction,
Grow wiser from conviction,
And fulfil each great design.

I live for those who need me,
For those who know me true,
For the heaven of selfless service,
That demands devotions too;
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

Adapted from G. L. Banks.

126 *Tune, 7. 6. D., S.S. Services and Hymnal, p. 29.*
"Consider the Lilies."

HE hides within the lily
A strong and tender care,
That wins the earth born atoms
To glory of the air;
He weaves the shining garments
Unceasingly and still,
Along the quiet waters,
In niches of the hill.

O Toiler of the lily,
  Thy touch is in the man!
No leaf that dawns to petal
  But hints the angel-plan:
The flower horizons open,
  The blossom vaster shows,
We hear Thy wide worlds echo, —
  "See how the lily grows!"

Shy yearnings of the savage,
  Unfolding, thought by thought,
To holy lives are lifted,
  To visions fair are wrought:
The races rise and cluster,
  And evils fade and fall,
Till chaos blooms to beauty,
  Thy purpose crowning all!

Rev. W. C. Gannett.

127 *Tune, 7. 6. D., S.S. Services & Hymnal, p. 197.*

It isn't the thing you do, dear,
  It's the thing you leave undone,
Which gives you a bit of a heart-ache
  At the setting of the sun.
The tender word forgotten,
  The letter you did not write,
The flower you might have sent, dear,
  Are your haunting ghosts to-night.

The stone you might have lifted
  Out of a brother's way,
The bit of heartsome counsel
  You were hurried too much to say,
The loving touch of the hand, dear,
  The gentle and winsome tone
That you had no time nor thought for,
  With troubles enough of your own.

These little acts of kindness,
  So easily out of mind,
These chances to be angels
  Which even mortals find —
They come in night and silence,
  Each chill, reproachful wraith,
When hope is faint and flagging,
  And the blight has dropped on faith.

Margaret E. Sangster.

128 *Tune, 7. 6. D., Sunnyside, 34 (without chorus).*
Come to Me.

God, who hath made the daisies,
  And every lovely thing,
He will accept our praises,
  And hearken while we sing.
He says, though we are simple,
  Though ignorant we be,
"Suffer the little children,
  And let them come to Me."

Though we be young and simple,
  In praise we may be bold;
The children in the temple
  He heard in days of old:
And if our hearts are humble,
  He says to you and me,
"Suffer the little children,
  And let them come to Me."

Therefore, we will come near Him,
  And solemnly we'll sing:
No cause to shrink or fear Him,
  We'll make our voices ring!
For in our temple speaking,
  He says to you and me,
"Suffer the little children,
  And let them come to Me."

E. Paxton Hood.

129 *Tune, 7. 6. D., Sunnyside, 34.*
The Voice Within.

There lives a voice within me,
  Guest angel of my heart,
Whose whisperings strive to win me
  To act a manful part.
Up evermore it springeth,
  Like some sweet melody,
And evermore it singeth
  This song of songs to me:

Refrain.

This world is full of beauty,
  As other worlds above,
And if we did our duty
  It might be full of love.

The leaf-tongues of the forest,
The flower-lips of the sod,
The birds that hymn their raptures
Up to the throne of God;
The summer wind that bringeth
Joy over land and sea,
Have each a voice that singeth
This song of songs to me. — REF.

O voice of God most tender,
O voice of God divine,
Still be my heart's defender
Till every thought is Thine.
My soul in gladness bringeth
Its songs of praise to Thee,
While all around me singeth
This song of songs to me. — REF.

130 *Tune, 8.7.8.7.7., S. S Service Book and Hymnal, page 26.*

Go, my child,—thus saith the highest,
Warning, cheering, day by day,—
Go, my child, and as thou triest
Life's temptations, bravely say:
Do thy duty, tide what may!

Faint not! yield not! 'tis no sadness
Burdens thee on life's true way:
Duty done is heartfelt gladness,
Cheering as the summer ray:
Do thy duty, tide what may!

When a cloud obscures the heaven,
Know the sun will bring thee day;
When to grief thy soul is given
Trust that love will ever stay.
Do thy duty, tide what may!

All the trials that surround thee
Are but stones to mark thy way:
Nought will baffle or confound thee,
Canst thou love, and bravely say:
Do thy duty, tide what may!

Dr. A. J. Ellis.

131 *Tune, 8.8.8.7., Gospel Hymns, page 25.*

'TIS not by dreaming and delay,
But doing something ev'ry day,
That wins the laurel and the bay,
And crowns the work of duty.

Be satisfied that thou art right,
And that thy deed will bear the light,
Then execute it with thy might,
For that will be thy duty.

In nature's boundless universe,
Thou wilt not see that dreadful curse,
An atom to its work averse,
An idler shirking duty.

The planets as they roll on high,
The river as it rusheth by,
Forever and forever cry,
"On, man, and do thy duty!"

All, all is working everywhere,
In earth, in heaven, in sea, and air,
And nothing indolent is there
To mar the perfect duty.

Edward Capern.

132 *Tune, 8.7.8.7.D., Gospel Hymns, page 30.*

HAPPY they who are not weary
Of this life's perpetual round,
Who at each fresh task and duty
Feel their powers in gladness bound;
Who are bent on winning knowledge,
Bent on living true and high,
And on some good work achieving,
Serving men, before they die.

Voices from behind, before us,
From within and round us roll;
Firm to truth and love, and loyal
Be with lip and hand and soul;
O what triumphs are before you,
As the years and ages move,
Error banished by true knowledge,
Coldness by the breath of love.

Noble thought becoming freer,
  Uttered whole in word and deed,
Bigotry and thraldom dying,
  Of the state and of the creed;
Till of man a nobler pattern
  Sun and earth at length behold,
Broader-minded, broader-hearted,
  Tender, manly, rev'rent, bold.

133 *Tune, 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8., Franklin Sq., p. 175 (sing organ part), & Hymns of the Ch. Universal, p. 12.*

THERE is in every human heart
Some not completely barren part,
Where seeds of love and truth might grow,
And flowers of gen'rous virtue blow;
To plant, to watch, to water there,
This be our duty, this our care.

And sweet it is the growth to trace
Of worth, of intellect, of grace,
In bosoms where our labors first
Bid the young seed of spring-time burst,
And lead it on from hour to hour
To ripen into perfect flower.

The heart of man's a soil which breeds,
Or sweetest flowers or vilest weeds;
Flowers, lovely as the morning's light;
Weeds, deadly as the aconite;
Just as his heart is trained to bear
The poisonous weed or floweret fair.

Sir J. Bowring.

134 *Tune, 8. 7., Hymns of the Ch. Universal, p. 40.*
One by One.

ONE by one the sands are flowing,
  One by one the moments fall:
Some are coming, some are going;
  Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee;
  Let thy whole strength go to each:
Let no future dreams elate thee;
  Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one, bright gifts from heaven,
  Joys are lent thee here below:
Take them readily when given;
  Ready, too, to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee;
  Do not fear an armèd band;
One will fade as others greet thee,—
  Shadows passing through the land.

Every hour that fleets so slowly
  Has its task to do or bear:
Luminous the crown and holy,
  If thou set each gem with care.

Adelaide A. Procter.

135 *Tune, 8. 7., Hymns of the Ch. Universal, p. 302.*
God is Love.

GOD is love: His mercy brightens
  All the path in which we rove;
Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens:
  God is wisdom, God is love.

Chance and change are busy ever;
  Man decays, and ages move;
But His mercy waneth never:
  God is wisdom, God is love.

E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
  Will His changeless goodness prove;
From the gloom His brightness streameth:
  God is wisdom, God is love.

He with earthly cares entwineth
  Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere His glory shineth:
  God is wisdom, God is love.

Sir John Bowring.

136 *Tune, 8. 7., Carol, page 30.*
Life's Work.

ALL around us, fair with flowers,
  Fields of sleeping beauty lie;
All around us clarion voices
  Call to duty stern and high.

Thankfully we will rejoice in
All the beauty God has given;
But beware it does not win us
From the work ordained of heaven.

Following every voice of mercy
With a trusting, loving heart,
Let us in life's earnest labor
Still be sure to do our part.

Now, today, and not tomorrow,
Let us work with all our might,
Lest the wretched faint and perish
In the coming stormy night.

Now, today, and not tomorrow,
Lest, before tomorrow's sun,
We, too, mournfully departing,
Shall have left our work undone.

Anon.

137 *Tune, 8.[illegible], Carol, page 50.*
Psa[illegible] of Life.

TELL me not in mournful numbers
Life is but an empty dream;
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal:
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end and way;
But to act, that each tomorrow
Find us further than today.

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant;
Let the dead Past bury its dead:
Act, act in the living Present,
Heart within and God o'erhead.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate!
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

Longfellow.

138 *Tune, 8.7., S. S. Services and Hymnal, p. 136.*

IT is said that truth is gold;
That it yields a hundredfold;
That its champions win the prize
Which endures and never dies.

It is said that sin brings pain;
That its work is loss, not gain;
That it hurts the soul, and brings
Never balm, but many stings.

It is said that goodness thrives;
That it blesses human lives;
That when earthly pride has flown
Goodness is a starry crown.

Life on earth is brief at best;
But, with goodness in the breast,
We already have the prize
Which endures and never dies.

139 *Tune, "'Twas a Bluebird Told the Story."*

OPEN, happy buds of spring,
For the sun has risen!
Through the sky sweet voices ring,
Calling you from prison.

Little children, dear, look up,
Toward [God's] brightness pressing;
Lift ye every heart a cup
For the (Father's) blessing.

Lucy Larcom.

140 *Tune, 8.7., S. S. Services and Hymnal, p. 116.*

THERE'S a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in His justice
Which is more than liberty.

For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

If our love were but more simple
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

F. W. Faber.

141 *Tune, 8. 7., S. S. Services and Hymnal, p. 145.*
Band of Mercy.

SOFTLY, softly, little children,
Touch those gayly painted wings;
Butterflies and moths, remember,
Are such very tender things.

Quietly, quietly, little children,
Peep into the lovely nest,
Think of your own joy when nestling
In your loving mother's breast.

Gently stroke the purring pussy,
Kindly pat the friendly dog:
Let your unmolesting mercy
Even spare the toad or frog!

Wide in God's great world around you,
Let the harmless creatures live;
Do not mar their brief enjoyment;
Take not what you cannot give.

W. C. Gannett

142 *Tune, 8. 7., S. S. Services and Hymnal, p. 117.*
The Angels.

IF we only sought to brighten
Every pathway dark with care;
If we only tried to lighten
All the burdens others bear:

CHORUS.

We should hear the angels singing
All around us night and day;
We should feel that they were bringing
Songs of love to cheer our way.

If we only strove to cherish
Every pure and holy thought;
Till, within our heart, would perish
All that is with evil fraught.—CHO.

A. D. W.

143 *Tune, 8s & 7s, S. S. Service Book and Hymnal, page 17.*

Do not look for wrong and evil,—
You will find them if you do;
As you measure for your neighbor
He will measure back to you.

Look for goodness, look for gladness,
You will meet them all the while;
If you bring a smiling visage
To the glass, you meet a smile.

Alice Cary.

144 *Tune, 8s & 7s, S.S. Serv. Book & Hymnal, p. 17.*
Seeking God.

TEACH us, Father, how to find Thee!
This the cry of all the earth.
Search for God has built all altars;
Here have all religions birth.

Lo how simple is the pathway!
God is never far to find;
Only be like Him in helping,
Serve and lift up all mankind.

Pity sorrow, save the sinning,
Lead the little feet, and see!
Helping like God, ye are godlike:
God himself is found in thee.

M. J. Savage.

145 *Tune, 8s, 7s, S. S. Serv. Book and Hymnal, p. 8.*
He Careth for Us.

YES, for me, for me He careth,
With a father's tender care;
Yes, with me, with me He shareth
Every burden, every fear.

Yes, o'er me, o'er me He watcheth,
Ceaseless watcheth, night and day;
Yes, e'en me, e'en me He snatcheth
From the perils of the way.

Yes, in me abroad He sheddeth
Joys unearthly, love and light;
And to cover me He spreadeth
His paternal wing of might.

Yes, in me, in me He dwelleth;
I in Him, and He in me:
And my empty soul He filleth,
Here and through eternity.

Bonar.

146 *Tune, 8s & 7s, S.S. Services and Hymnal, p. 136.*
Divine Love.

LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven to earth come down,
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown.
Father, thou art all compassion;
Pure, unbounded love Thou art:
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter every longing heart.

Breathe, oh! breathe Thy loving spirit
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find Thy promised rest.
Come, almighty to deliver!
Let us all Thy life receive;
Graciously come down, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave.

Wesley's Col.

147 *Tune, 8s, 7s, Hymns of the Ch. Universal, p. 40.*
Decoration Day.

WE remember thee, O brave ones
Who for truth and country bled!
And, though with us here no longer,
Still we cannot think thee dead.

Ye are living, though the grasses
Green above your graves may be:
Ye are living in the glory
Of a people that is free;

Ye are living in the comrades
That your faith and valor knew;
Ye shall live in all the future,
While to right brave men are true.

For no deed heroic faileth
Ever from the hearts of men:
Each new year it springeth upward,
Young with endless life again.

Minot J. Savage.

148 *Tune, 8s, 7s, S. S. Services and Hymnal, p. 117.*
Battle.

DOST thou hear the bugle sounding,
Calling thee to take the field?
'Tis a battle all are waging:
Thou must fight or thou must yield.
'Tis the battle of the ages:
No man may the gage refuse.
Fight on one side or the other,
No man can decline to choose.

If from off the field thou fliest,
Even thus thou art a foe:
Who for truth no sword uplifteth
He for error strikes a blow.
He who bravely fights must conquer;
None can e'er defeated be;
For, to soldiers in God's battles,
Death itself is victory.

M. J. Savage.

149 *Tune, 8s & 7s, S.S. Services and Hymnal, p. 117.*
"The Lord is in His Holy Temple."

GOD is in His holy temple;
Earthly thoughts, be silent now,
While with reverence we assemble
And before His presence bow.
He is with us now and ever,
When we call upon His name,
Aiding every good endeavor,
Guiding every upward aim.

God is in His holy temple,—
In the pure and holy mind,
In the reverent heart and simple,
In the soul from sense refined.
Then, let every low emotion
Banished far and silent be,
And our souls in pure devotion,
Lord, be temples worthy Thee!

Anon.

150 *Tune, 8s & 7s, Hymns of the Ch. Universal, p. 201.*
The Choice.

THEN to side with Truth is noble
When we share her wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit
And 'tis prosperous to be just;
Then it is the brave man chooses,
While the coward stands aside
Till the multitude make virtue
Of the faith they had denied.

Though the cause of Evil prosper,
Yet 'tis Truth alone is strong;
Though her portion be the scaffold,
And upon the throne be Wrong,—
Yet that scaffold sways the future,
And, behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the Shadow,
Keeping watch above His own!

J. R. Lowell.

151 *Tune, 8s & 7s, Hymns of the Ch. Universal, p. 207.*
Our Prayer.

FATHER, hear the prayer we offer!
Not for ease that prayer shall be,
But for strength that we may ever
Live our lives courageously.

Not forever in green pastures
Do we ask our way to be;
But the steep and rugged pathway
May we tread rejoicingly.

Not forever by still waters
Would we idly quiet stay;
But would smite the living fountains
From the rocks along our way.

Be our strength in hours of weakness,
In our wanderings, be our guide;
Through endeavor, failure, danger,
Father, be Thou at our side!

Anon.

152 *Tune, 8s, 7s, S. S. Services and Hymnal, p. 177.*
Call of the Age.

WE are living, we are dwelling
In a grand and awful time:
In an age on ages telling,
To be living is sublime.

Will ye play, then, will ye dally
With your music and your wine?
Up! it is the Almighty's rally:
God's own arm hath need of thine.

On! let all the soul within you
For the Truth's sake go abroad;
Strike! let every nerve and sinew
Tell on ages, tell for God.

A. C. Coxe.

153 *Tune, 8s & 7s, S.S. Service Book & Hymnal, 149.*
A Creed.

I BELIEVE in Human Kindness
Large amid the sons of men,
Nobler far in willing blindness
Than in censure's keenest ken.
I believe in Self-Denial,
And its secret throb of joy;
In the Love that lives through trial,
Dying not, though death destroy.

I believe in dreams of Duty,
Warning us to self-control,—
Foregleams of the glorious beauty
That shall yet transform the soul;
I believe in Love renewing
All that sin [e'er sweeps] away,
Leaven-like its work pursuing
Night by night and day by day;

I believe in Love Eternal,
Fixed in God's unchanging will,
That, beneath the deep infernal,
Hath a depth that's deeper still
In its patience, its endurance
To forbear and to retrieve,
In the large and full assurance
Of its triumph,—I believe.

"Good Words."

154 *Tune, 8s and 7s, Gospel Hymns, page 88.*
Work.

WORK! it is thy highest mission.
Work! all blessing centers there.
Work for culture, for the vision
Of the true, and good, and fair.

'Tis of knowledge the condition,
Opening still new fields beyond;
'Tis of thought the full fruition;
'Tis of love the perfect bond.

Work! by labor comes th' unsealing
Of the thoughts that in thee burn;
Comes in action the revealing
Of the truths thou hast to learn.

Work in helping, loving union
With thy brethren of mankind:
With the foremost hold communion.
Succor those who toil behind.

For true work can never perish,
And thy followers in the way
For thy works thy name shall cherish:
Work while it is called to-day!

F. M. White.

155 *Tune, 8s & 7s, S S. Services and Hymnal, p. 117.*
Green Pastures and Still Waters.

CLEAR in memory's silent reaches
Lie the pastures I have seen,
Greener than the sunlit spaces
Where the May has flung her green.
Needs no sun and needs no starlight
To illume these fields of mine,
For the glory of dead faces
Is the sun, the stars, that shine.

More than one I count my pastures,
As my life-path groweth long;
By their quiet waters straying
Oft I lay me, and am strong.
And I call each by its giver,
And the dear names bring to them
Glory as from shining faces
In some new Jerusalem.

Yet, oh, well I can remember,
Once I called my pastures Pain,
And their waters were a torrent
Sweeping through my life amain!
Now I call them Peace and Stillness,
Brightness of all Happy Thought,
Where I linger for a blessing
From my faces that are nought.

Nought? I fear not. If the Power
Maketh thus His pastures green,
Maketh thus His quiet waters,
Out of waste His heavens serene,
I can trust the mighty Shepherd
Loseth none He ever led:
Somewhere yet a greeting waits me
On the faces of my dead!

W. C. Gannett.

156 *Tune, 8s & 7s, S.S. Services and Hymnal, p. 117.*
Coming of God's Kingdom.

How shall come Thy kingdom holy,
In which all the earth is blest,
That shall lift on high the lowly,
And to weary souls give rest?
Not with trumpet call of legions
Bursting through the upper sky,
Waking earth through all its regions
With their heaven-descending cry:

Not with dash or sudden sally,
Swooping down with rushing wing;
But as, creeping up a valley,
Come the grasses in the spring:
First one blade and then another,
Still advancing are they seen,
Rank on rank, each by its brother,
Till each inch of ground is green.

Through the weary days of sowing,
Burning sun, and drenching shower,
Day by day, so slowly growing,
Comes the waited harvest hour.
So the kingdom cometh ever,
Though it seem so far away;
Each bright thought and true endeavor
Hastens on the blessed day.

M. J. Savage.

157 *Tune, 8s, 7s, "'Twas a Bluebird Told the Story."*

BE thyself! A nobler gospel
Never in the past has been.
Be thyself! 'tis holy scripture
Though no Bible-lids between.

Dare to shape in thought the language
That is lying in thy brain;
Dare to launch it, banners flying,
On the bosom of the main.

Then though coward world may scorn thee,
Friendship fail and fortune frown;
Earth itself grow dark around thee,
Foes on thee in rage look down;

Heed not; there's a world more potent
Carried in thy manly heart.
Be thyself and do thy duty:
Thou couldst ask no holier part.

Adapted from Wm. Denton.

158 *Tune, 8. 7. D., S.S. Services and Hymnal, p. 103. A Purpose in Life.*

LIVE for something! be not idle,
Look about thee for employ;
Sit not down to useless dreaming,—
Labor is the sweetest joy.
Folded hands are ever weary,
Selfish hearts are never gay.
Life for thee hath many duties:
Active be, then, while you may.

Scatter blessings in your pathway,—
Gentle words and cheering smiles:
Better far than gold and silver
Are their grief-dispelling wiles.
As the pleasant sunshine falleth
Ever on the grateful earth,
So let sympathy and kindness
Gladden well the darkened hearth.

Hearts that are oppressed and weary,
Drop the tear of sympathy;
Whisper words of hope and comfort;
Give, and thy reward shall be
Joy unto thy soul returning
From this perfect fountain-head.
Freely, as thou freely givest,
Shall the grateful light be shed.

Anon.

159 *Tune, 8. 7. D., S.S. Services and Hymnal, p. 104. Vesper Hymn.*

Now, on sea and land descending,
Brings the night its peace profound:
Let our vesper hymn be blending
With the holy calm around.

Soon as dies the sunset glory,
Stars of heaven shine out above,
Telling still the ancient story,
Their Creator's changeless love.

Now, our wants and burdens leaving
To His care who cares for all,
Cease we fearing, cease we grieving
At His touch our burdens fall.

As the darkness deepens o'er us,
Lo! eternal stars arise;
Hope and Faith and Love rise glorious,
Shining in the Spirit's skies.

Rev. Samuel Longfellow.

160 *Tune, 8s, 7s, and 4s, S. S. Service Book and Hymnal, 21. One Father.*

WE are children of one Father,
All alike His children dear;
When around His feet we gather,
Every voice He bends to hear:
Every whisper
We send upward, brings Him near.

All our blessings He has given:
All we have to Him belongs;
We are here to build up heaven
In the place of sins and wrongs:
To our Father,
Loving deeds are sweetest songs.

Children, every hour is bringing
Something good from Him to you:
Would you join His angels' singing?
Share His angels' mission, too;
Teach us, Father,
Heavenly work on earth to do.

Lucy Larcom.

161 *Tune, 8. 7. D., S.S. Services and Hymnal, p. 103.*
The Purpose of Life.

HAST thou, midst life's empty noises,
Heard the solemn steps of time,
And the low, mysterious voices
Of another clime?

Early hath Life's mighty question
Thrilled within thy heart of youth,
With a deep and strong beseeching,
"What and where is Truth?"

Not to ease and aimless quiet
Doth the inward answer tend,
But to works of love and duty
As our being's end.

Not to idle dreams and trances,
Folded hands, and solemn tone;
But to faith, in daily striving
And performance shown:

Earnest toil and strong endeavor
Of a spirit which, within,
Wrestles with familiar evil
And besetting sin.

And, without, with tireless vigor,
Steady heart, and weapon strong,
In the power of truth assailing
Every form of wrong.

J. G. Whittier.

162 *Tune, 8. 7. D., Hymns of the Church Universal, page 298.*

WAKE, my soul! Enough of slumber!
Dream no more the hours away,—
These bright hours that, in the counting,
Make our hopeful earthly day.

Fields of action lie before thee,
Beautiful and grand and true:
Wilt thou linger by the wayside
With the happy goal in view?

Wilt thou cease from thine endeavor
When thy task is almost done?
Wilt thou lay aside thine armor
Ere the battle's fully won?

Nay, but with a will unwearied
Still press on—no duty shirk;
Thus earth's life divine draws nearer,
Victory shall crown thy work!

Adapted from Emma E. Hicks.

163 *Tune, 10., S. S. Services and Hymnal, page 138.*

I COUNT this thing to be grandly true:
That a noble deed is a step toward God,
Lifting the soul from the common sod
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by the things that are under our feet;
By what we have mastered of good and gain;
By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

Heaven is not reached by a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit, round by round.

J. G. Holland.

164 *Tune, 10., S. S. Services and Hymnal, page 166.*
The Child of God.

FATHER! there is no change to live with Thee,
Save that in Thee I grow from day to day;
In each new word I hear, each thing I see,
I but rejoicing hasten on my way.

Hodges 369 Hym Bw Bwh

The morning comes, with blushes over-
spread, [in;
And I, new-wakened, find a morn with-
And in its modest dawn around me shed,
Thou hear'st the prayer and the ascend-
ing hymn.

Hour follows hour, the lengthening shade
descend; [me,
Yet they could never reach as far as
Did not Thy love its kind protection lend,
That I, Thy child, might sleep in peace
with Thee.

Jones Very.

165 *Tune, 10., S. S. Services and Hymnal, page 166.*
He Giveth Power to the Faint.

FATHER, to us Thy children, humbly
kneeling,
Conscious of weakness, ignorance, sin,
and shame,
Give such a force of holy thought and
feeling,
That we may live to glorify Thy name,

That we may conquer base desire and
passion,
That we may rise from selfish thought
and will,
O'ercome the world's allurement, threat,
and fashion,
Walk humbly, gently, leaning on Thee
still.

Let all Thy goodness by our minds be
seen,
Let all Thy mercy on our souls be
sealed:
Lord, if Thou wilt, Thy power can make
us clean;
Oh, speak the word, Thy servants shall
be healed!

Rev. James Freeman Clarke.

166 *Tune, 10., S. S. Services and Hymnal, page 167.*

TRUE worth is in being, not seeming;
In doing each day that goes by
Some little good thing — not in dreaming
Of great things to do by and by.
For whatever men say in their blindness,
And spite of the fancies of youth,
There's nothing so kingly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth.

We get back our mete as we measure,
We cannot do wrong and feel right,
Nor can we give pain and feel pleasure,
For justice avenges each slight.
The air for the wing of the sparrow,
The bush for the robin or wren,
But always the path that is narrow
And straight for the children of men.

We cannot make bargains for blisses,
Nor catch them like fishes in nets;
And sometimes the thing our life misses,
Helps more than the thing which it
gets;
For good lieth not in pursuing,
Nor gaining of great or of small;
But just in the doing, and doing
As we would be done by, is all.

Alice Cary.

167 *Tune, 10., S. S. Services and Hymnal, page 166.*
For Divine Strength.

FATHER, in Thy mysterious presence
kneeling, [dling love;
Fain would our souls feel all Thy kin-
For we are weak, and need some deep
revealing [from above.
Of trust and strength and calmness

Lord, we have wandered forth through
doubt and sorrow,
And Thou hast made each step an on-
ward one; [morrow,—
And we will ever trust each unknown
Thou wilt sustain us till its work is
done.

In the heart's depths, a peace serene and holy [its will,
Abides; and when pain seems to have
Or we despair, oh, may that peace rise slowly,
Stronger than agony, and we be still!

Now, Father, now, in Thy dear presence kneeling, [love;
Our spirits yearn to feel Thy kindling
Now make us strong: we need Thy deep revealing [from above.
Of trust and strength and calmness

S. Johnson.

168 *Tune, 10s, S. S. Services and Hymnal, page 62.*

SOUL, struggle on! Within the darkest night [Right.
Still broods the majesty of deathless
If to its promptings clear thou still art true, [view.
Life's larger, sweeter lights will flash to

The stars will shine, and the blue pomp of day,
And to thine ear the Everlasting Yea
Will breathe its music and its lofty song:
And we shall know that Beauty still is strong;

That there is Heart and Life, the Pure, the Fair;
That Good is radiant in the sunny air,
And Wisdom shaping to remotest star,
And Love is yearning where the lowest are.

169 *Tune, 10. 9 10. 9., Gospel Hymns, page 173.*

WHY thus longing, thus forever sighing,
For the far-off unattained, and dim;
While the beautiful, all round thee lying,
Offers up its low, perpetual hymn?

Wouldst thou listen to its gentle teaching,
All thy restless yearnings it would still;
Leaf and flower and laden bee are preaching, [to fill.
Thine own sphere, though humble, first

Not by deeds that win the crowd's applauses, [nown,
Not by works that give thee world re-
Not by martyrdom or vaunted crosses,
Canst thou win and wear th' immortal crown.

Daily struggling, though unloved and lonely,
Ev'ry day a rich reward will give;
Thou wilt find, by hearty striving only,
And truly loving, thou canst truly live.

Harriet L. Winslow.

170 *Tune, 10. 10. 10. 10., Hymns of the Church Universal, page 196.*
Quiet from God.

QUIET from God! how beautiful to keep
This treasure, the All-Merciful hath given; [sleep,
To feel, when we awake and when we
Its incense round us, like a breath from heaven!

To sojourn in the world, and yet apart;
To dwell with God, yet still with man to feel;
To bear about forever in the heart
The gladness which His Spirit doth reveal!

Sarah J. Williams.

171 *Tune, 11. 10. 9., S.S. Services and Hymnal, p. 75.*

EVERY day is a fresh beginning,
Every morn is the world made new.
You who are weary of sorrow and sinning,
Here is a beautiful hope for you;
A hope for me and a hope for you.

Here are the skies all burnished brightly,
Here is the spent earth all re-born,
Here are the tired limbs springing lightly
To face the sun and to share with the morn [dawn.
In the chrism of dew and the cool of

Every day is a fresh beginning;
Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain,
And spite of old sorrow and older sinning,
And puzzles forecasted and possible pain, [again.
Take heart with the day, and begin

Susan Coolidge.

172 *Tune, 11s, 10s, Carol, page 40.*

How beautiful it is to be alive!
To wake each morn, as if the Maker's face
Did us afresh from nothingness derive,
That we might sing, How happy is our case,
How beautiful it is to be alive!

To read in some good book, until we feel
Love for the one who wrote it; then to feel
Close unto Him, whose love our soul will shrive,
While every moment's joy doth more reveal
How beautiful it is to be alive.

Not to forget when pain and grief draw nigh,
Into the ocean of time past to dive
For memories of God's mercies; or to try
To bear all nobly, hoping still to cry
How beautiful it is to be alive.

Thus ever, toward Man's height of nobleness [trive.
Striving, some new progression to con-
Till, just as any other friend's, we press
Death's hand; and, having died, feel none the less,
How beautiful it is to be alive.

H. S. Sutton.

173 *Tune 11. 10. 11. 10., Hymns of the Church Universal, page 321.*
Behind and Before.

"ONE thing I do; the things behind forgetting, [before,
And reaching forward to the things
Unto the goal, the prize of God's high calling, [soul of yore.
Onward I press,"—said that great

And in the heart, like strains of martial music, [cheer,
Echo the words of courage, trust, and
The while we stand, half hoping, half regretting, [year.
Between the coming and the parting

Behind are joys, fair hopes that found fulfilment, [a gain;
Sweet human fellowships, and many
Unanswered prayers, burdens of loss and sorrow,
Faces that look no more in ours again.

Before are opportunity and promise,
Fairer fulfilments than the past could know; [Spirit,
New growths of soul, new leading of the
And all the glad surprises God will show

All we have done, or nobly failed in doing,
All we have been, or bravely striven to be, [viving,
Counts for our gain, within us still sur-
As power and larger possibility.

All, all shall count; the mingled joy and sorrow
To force of finer being rise at last;
From the crude ores in trial's furnace smelted
The image of the perfect life is cast.

"Onward I press, the things behind forgetting [before:"
And reaching forward to the things
Ring the brave words like strains of martial music, [open door.
As we pass through the New Year's

Frederick L. Hosmer.

174 *Tune, S. S. Service Book and Hymnal, page 17.*

Kindly Words.

KINDLY words and thoughtful service
Smooth the daily paths we tread;
Some sad hearts would warm and brighten,
If kind thoughts were only said.
Oft the warm impulse we smother,
Coldly turn the face away,
While the sad heart of a brother
Pines for friendship's cheering ray.

Tender dews and genial sunlight
Help to form the towering pine,
Great or simple hearts might quicken
From some pleasant word of thine.
Round each path lie chances golden
Flowers to strew and thorns to spare,
Seize them e'er they're lost forever
And thy brother's burden bear.

Emily B. Chace.

175 *Tune, "There's Music in the Air."*

BUILD not on to-morrow,
But seize on to-day!
From no future borrow,
The present to pay.

Wait not any longer
Thy work to begin;
By work we grow stronger;
Be steadfast and win.

The task of the present
Be sure to fulfil;
If irksome, or pleasant,
Be true to it still.

Forbode not new sorrow;
Bear that of to-day,
And trust that to-morrow
Shall chase it away.

Thomas Hill, D.D.

176 *Tune, S. S. Services and Hymnal, page 68.*

HOLY, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;
Holy, holy, holy, Merciful and Mighty,
Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be!

Holy, holy, holy, though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of erring man Thy glory may not see!
Only Thou art holy, there is none beside Thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity!

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works do praise Thy name in earth and sky and sea:
Holy, holy, holy, Merciful and Mighty,
Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be!

R. Heber.

177 *Tune, Carol, page 64.*

HARK! the lilies whisper
Tenderly and low,
In our grace and beauty,
See how fair we grow.
Hark! the roses speaking,
Telling all abroad,
Their sweet, wondrous story
Of the love of God.

And if toil and trouble
Be our lot below,
Think upon the lilies,
See how fair they grow.
Flowers of field and garden—
All their voices blend;
And their Maker's praises
To our souls commend.

178 *Tune, Carol, page 83.*

GOD'S smile is on the waters,
  His spirit in the air,
My glad heart owns His presence,
  And swells with thankful prayer.
A peace serene and holy
  All Nature's being fills,
Breathes from the fragrant lilies,
  Crowns all the circling hills,
Whispers in trembling tree-tops,
  Sings in my grateful breast,
Where care and grief and longing
  Are hushed in trustful rest.

Anon.

179 *Tune, Carol, page 87.*

WE'VE hands that are willing and hearts that are true, [you;
And plenty of work waits for me and for
So while we march onward let this be our song, [help along.
Throughout our life's journey we will all

CHORUS.

Helping along, we are helping along,
Through our life's journey we are helping along; [our song,
As onward we're marching be this ever
Through all our life's journey we're helping along.

There is work for each one, ev'ry hour, ev'ry day;
There are small deeds of service and kind words to say;
Though youthful and feeble, yet in love we are strong,
And throughout our life's journey we'll be helping along.

Mrs. M. E. Pickering.

180 *Tune, Carol, page 94.*

OH, the glory of living for duty,
  In a world so resplendent with love,
So inspired with the spirit of beauty,
  So allied to the mansions above.
Oh, our song is of beauty and duty,
  How they mingle in life that is true,
And the dark days of trial pass fleetly,
  Life becoming noble and gladsome and new.

Oh, then give we our hearts to the holy,
  To the service of God and the right,
E'er befriending the poor and the lowly,
  Ever blessing with love and with light.
For so join we the heroes of duty,
  They who march near the banner of love,
The fair banners of duty and beauty,
  Waving o'er the servants of heaven above.

181 *Tune, Carol, page 100.*

ANGRY words! oh, let them never
  From the tongue unbridled slip;
May the heart's best impulse ever
  Check them ere they soil the lip.

CHORUS.

Love one another! Love one another!
  Children, obey the prophets' blest command.
Love one another! Love one another!
  Children, obey this blest command.

Love is much too pure and holy,
  Friendship is too sacred far,
For a moment's reckless folly
  Thus to desolate and mar.

Angry words are lightly spoken;
  Bitt'rest thoughts are rashly stirred;
Brightest links of life are broken
  By a single angry word.

182

Tune, Carol, 102.

YOU'RE starting today on life's journey,
Along on the highway of life;
You'll meet with a thousand temptations,
Each city with evil is rife.
This world is a stage of excitement,
There's danger wherever you go;
But if you are tempted in weakness,
Have courage, my boy, to say "No."

CHORUS.

Have courage, my boy, to say "No,"
Have courage, my boy, to say "No,"
But if you are tempted in weakness,
Have courage, my boy, to say "No."

In courage alone lies your safety,
When you the long journey begin,
And trust in a Heavenly Father
Will keep you unspotted from sin.
Temptations will go on increasing,
As streams from a rivulet flow,
But if you are true to your manhood,
Have courage, my boy, to say "No."

CHORUS.

Have courage, my boy, to say "No,"
Have courage, my boy, to say "No,"
But if you are true to your manhood,
Have courage, my boy, to say "No."

183

Tune, Carol, page 116.

What Shall the Harvest Be?

SOWING the seed by the daylight fair,
Sowing the seed by the noonday glare,
Sowing the seed by the fading light,
Sowing the seed in the solemn night;
Oh, what shall the harvest be?
Oh, what shall the harvest be?

CHORUS.

Sown in the darkness or sown in the light,
Sown in our weakness or sown in our
might,
Gathered in time or eternity,
Sure, ah, sure will the harvest be!

Sowing the seed by the wayside high,
Sowing the seed on the rocks to die,
Sowing the seed where the thorns will
spoil,
Sowing the seed in the fertile soil;
Oh, what shall the harvest be?
Oh, what shall the harvest be?

Sowing our seed with a careful hand,
Sowing our seed in a fruitful land,
Sowing in faith till the reapers come,
Gladly to gather the harvest home,
Oh, what shall the harvest be?
Oh, what shall the harvest be?

Emily S. Oakey.

184

Tune, Carol, 120.

THE light of truth is breaking;
On the mountain tops it gleams;
Let it flash along our valleys,
Let it glitter on our streams,
Till all our land awakens,
In its flush of golden beams:
Our God is marching on.

With purpose strong and steady,
In the Great Eternal's name,
We rise to snatch our kindred
From the depths of woe and shame;
And the jubilee of freedom
To the slaves of sin proclaim.
Our God is marching on.

From morning's early watches
Till the setting of the sun,
We will never flag nor falter
In the work we have begun,
Till the foes have all surrendered
And the victory is won.
Our God is marching on.

Anon.

185

Tune, Carol, page 128.

Is it raining, little flower?
  Be glad of rain.
Too much sun would wither thee.
  'Twill shine again.
The sky is very black, 'tis true,
But just behind it shines the blue.

Art thou weary, tender heart?
  Be glad of pain;
In sorrow sweetest things will grow
  As flowers in rain.
God watches and thou wilt have sun
When clouds their perfect work have done.

186

Tune, Carol, page 128.

THE rose is queen among the flowers,
  None other is so fair;
‖ : The lily nodding on her stem,
  With fragrance fills the air. : ‖

But sweeter than the lily's breath
  And than the rose more fair,
‖ : The tender love of human hearts
  That springeth everywhere. : ‖

The rose will fade and fall away,
  The lily too will die;
‖ : But love shall live forevermore,
  Beyond the starry sky. : ‖

Then sweeter than the lily's breath,
  And than the rose more fair,
‖ : The tender love of human hearts,
  Upspringing everywhere. : ‖

Rev. F. L. Hosmer.

187

Tune, Carol, page 151.

THE corn is ripe for reaping,
  Fields glow with ruddy grain,
And we must now be keeping
  Our harvest feast again;
With voice of joy and singing,
  Our praise to God shall rise,
Who, whilst the seed was springing,
  Rained blessings from the skies.

Thine, Father, is the river
  That maketh rich the earth;
Through Thee, O Gracious Giver,
  The buried seed had birth;
Thou on the furrows raining,
  Didst make them soft with showers,
The thirsty crops maintaining
  Through silent summer hours.

The year, by Thee anointed,
  Is now with goodness crowned;
Robed in the robes appointed,
  With gladness girded round.
We thank Thee for the blessing
  Which meets us on our way,
And come, Thy love confessing,
  With happy hearts to-day.

But whilst our lips are praising,
  Our lives to Thee belong;
With them we would be raising
  A nobler, sweeter song;
One that may sound forever,
  Whilst earth's great Harvest speeds,—
A song of high endeavor,
  Rung out in earnest deeds.

188

Tune, Sunnyside, 39.

HOLY life, descending
  On the stream of time,
Ever growing richer,
  Ever more sublime;
Every heart inspiring,
  Forming still the clue,
Heirs of all the ages,
  We are workers too.

We, the latest comers
  To the happy earth,
Feel our hearts o'erflowing
  With their joy and mirth.
Though with added Summers
  Come the Winters too,
In our daily working
  Be our joy as true.

189

Tune, Sunnyside, 76 or 62.

Be firm and be faithful, desert not the right;
The brave are the bolder the darker the night.
Then up and be doing, the brave shall not fail,
Thy duty pursuing, dare all, and prevail.

If scorn be thy portion, if hatred and loss,
If stripes or a prison, remember the cross.
Be manful and sturdy, keep on in the light,
Stand firm and be faithful, desert not the right.

Anon.

190

Tune, Gospel Hymns, 27.
Heavenly Helper.

Unto Thee, abiding ever,
Look I in my need,
Strength of every good endeavor,
Holy thought and deed!

CHORUS.

Heavenly Helper, present to my need,
Though all other helpers fail me,
Thou art mine indeed.

Thou dost guide the stars of heaven,
Heal the broken heart,
Bring in turn the morn and even, —
Law and Love Thou art.

Clouds and darkness are about Thee,
Just and sure Thy throne, —
Not a sparrow falls without Thee,
All to Thee is known.

Origin and end of being,
All things in and through, —
Light Thou art of all my seeing,
Power to will and do.

Through my life, whate'er betide me,
Thou my trust shalt be;
Whom have I on earth beside Thee,
Whom in heaven but Thee?

F. L. Hosmer.

191

Tune, Gospel Hymns, 28.
Work for Thy God, Thy Father.

Work for thy God, thy Father,
While yet 'tis called the day;
For life grows dearer,
As death draws nearer
The busy hand to stay.
Work while 'tis day,
Do bravely while ye may.

CHORUS.

Work for thy God, thy Father,
Work for thy God, thy Father,
Work for thy God, thy Father,
While yet 'tis called the day!

Oh, work thou for thy brother, —
Thy brother's need is great;
The time for winning
The weak, the sinning,
Is now, — dare not to wait;
Feel thou his need,
Do thou the noble deed.

CHORUS.

Work, work thou for thy brother,
Work, work thou for thy brother,
Work, work thou for thy brother, —
Thy brother's need is great.

192

Tune, Gospel Hymns, 29.

Are we sowing seeds of kindness? They shall blossom bright ere long.
Are we sowing seeds of discord? They shall ripen into wrong.
Are we sowing seeds of honor? They shall bring forth golden grain.
Are we sowing seeds of falsehood? We shall yet reap bitter pain.

We can never be too careful what the seed our hands shall sow;
Love for love is sure to ripen, hate for hate is sure to grow.
Seeds of good or ill we scatter heedlessly along our way,
But a glad or grievous fruitage waits us as a harvest day.

193

Tune, S. S. Service Book and Hymnal, page 62.

True Greatness.

He may be great who proudly rears
For coming years strong pyramids;
But greater he who hourly builds
A character by noble deeds.

He may be wise whose mind is filled
With all the wisdom time has given;
Who sees and does his duty well
Is wiser in the sight of heaven.

It may be grand to deck the walls
With pictures by rare genius wrought;
Greater it is to line the soul
With tents and gems of noble thought.

He may be great who can indite
Songs that shall every bosom thrill;
He who knows how to make his life
A poem grand is greater still.

Anon.

194

Tune, Gospel Hymns, 282.

"Think on These Things."

Whatsoever is just and pure,
Think on these things, my soul!
Earth shall vanish, but these endure,
Think on these things, my soul!
When all else shall fail thee,
These shall still avail thee;
Think on these things, strive for these things,
Cherish these things, my soul!

Truth and honor, they call to thee,
Think on these things, my soul!
What of virtue and praise there be,
Think on these things, my soul!
These have been the glory
Of all human story;
Think on these things, strive for these things,
Cherish these things, my soul!

Faithful spirits before have gone,
Think on these things, my soul!
Grand thy heritage, hero-won,
Think on these things, my soul!
From all brave endeavor
Springeth good forever;
Think on these things, strive for these things,
Cherish these things, my soul!

F. L. Hosmer.

195

Tune, Gospel Hymns, 286.

Have you heard the Golden City
Mentioned in the legends old?
Everlasting light shines o'er it,
Wondrous tales of it are told.

Only righteous men and women
Dwell within its gleaming wall;
Wrong is banished from its borders,
Justice reigns supreme o'er all.

We are builders of that City;
All our joys and all our groans
Help to rear its shining ramparts;
All our lives are building-stones.

And the work that we have builded,
Oft with bleeding hands and tears,
And in error and in anguish,
Will not perish with our years.

It will be at last made perfect
In the universal plan;
It will help to crown the labors
Of the toiling hosts of man.

It will last, and shine transfigured
In the final reign of Right;
It will merge into the splendors
Of the "City of the Light."

Felix Adler.

196 *Tune, Franklin Square, page 92.*

So should we live that ev'ry hour
May die as dies the natural flower,
A self-reviving thing of power.

That ev'ry thought and ev'ry deed
May hold within itself the seed
Of future good and future need;

Esteeming sorrow, whose employ
Is to develop, not destroy,
Far better than a barren joy.

Lord Houghton.

197 *Tune, Franklin Square, page 82.*

You cannot pay with money the million sons of toil,
The sailor on the ocean, the peasant on the soil,
The laborer in the quarry, the hewer of the coal, —
Your money pays the hand, it cannot pay the soul.

The work-shops must be crowded to fill the home with light;
If ploughmen did not labor, the poet could not write;
Then let all work be hallowed, that man performs for man,
And honest toil revered, as part of one great plan.

Ye men of thought and knowledge, rise like a band inspired,
And poets, let your verses with hope for man be fired;
Till earth becomes a temple, and every human heart
Shall join in one glad song, each happy in *his part.*

198 *Tune, Franklin Square, page 112.*

Let us be tender and trusty and true,
Faithful and hopeful and loving and true;
Where'er we go and whate'er we do,
Let us be tender and trusty and true.

Brave to the battle of life we will go,
Tender and trusty in all that we do;
Helpful and thoughtful to all may we prove,
Winning all hearts by our goodness and [love.

199 *Tune, Franklin Square, page 60.*

Why repine we, why despair,
Yielding to the instant woe?
We are not what once we were;
Let us build on that we know.

Let the future and the past
Make sublime the present hour:
What we do is doomed to last,
And we know not all our power.

Even now the future life
Shape we with unconscious hands;
Sudden 'midst the woe and strife
Full our dream incarnate stands.

Lightest thought and humblest deed,
Aspiration's faintest breath,
These are but the unseen seed
That fructifies in spite of death.

Not despair, but wise devotion,
Takes the meanness from our task;
High resolves and onward motion —
These the passing moments ask.

Malcolm Quin.

200 *Tune, Franklin Square, page 64.*

If I were a sunbeam,
I know where I'd go;
Into lowliest hovels,
Dark with want and woe;
Till sad hearts looked upward
I would shine and shine;
Then they'd find life joyful,
And they too would shine.

Art thou not a sunbeam,
Child whose life is glad
With an inner radiance
Sunshine never had?
O, as God has blessed thee,
Scatter rays divine!
For there is no sunbeam
But must die or shine.

Lucy Larcom.

201 *Tune, Franklin Square, page 60.*

Lo, the earth is risen again
From the winter's bond and pain!
Bring we flower and leaf and spray
To adorn our holiday.

Once again the word comes true,
Lo, He maketh all things new.
Now the dark cold days are o'er
Light and gladness are before.

How our hearts leap with the spring!
How our spirits soar and sing!
Light is victor over gloom,
Life triumphant o'er the tomb.

Change, then, mourning into praise,
And, for dirges, anthems raise!
All our fears and griefs shall be
Lost in immortality.

Samuel Longfellow.

202 *Tune, "Auld Lang Syne."*

It singeth low in every heart,
We hear it each and all,—
A song of those who answer not,
However we may call;
They throng the silence of the breast
We see them as of yore,—
The kind, the brave, the true, the sweet,
Who walk with us no more.

More home-like seems the vast unknown,
Since they have entered there;
To follow them were not so hard,
Wherever they may fare.
They cannot be where God is not,
On any sea or shore;
Whate'er betides, Thy love abides,
Our God, for evermore!

J. W. Chadwick.

203 *Tune, Easter Service, 1893.*
Winter Days Are O'er.

In the vales a murmur, on the hills a stir,
O'er the skies a softness where the storm-clouds were. [aside,
Resurrection power throws the snow
And the spring arisen flings its banners wide.

CHORUS.

Welcome, bird and blossom; welcome, spring, once more; [are o'er."
Hill and vale are saying, "Winter days

God was in the winter; His the pure white snow, [low.
His the nestling rootlets in the dark be-
Sleeping earth and stillness, spurring air and cold, [ing the fold.
These were His own doings, shepherd-

Best of all the spring-time with the green-clad field, [yield;
And the quiet pleasures forest pathways
Thus may life reviving touch our hearts anew, [view.
As the glorious Easter comes again in

Rev. Edward A. Horton.

204 *Tune, "How Can I Leave Thee."*

THE time is short; the more the reason then
For filling it as full as it can hold
With thrills of beauty, yearnings for the truths,
And joys of love and labor manifold.

Then should it chance, as we would fain believe,
Life's glory waits us in some other [sphere,
The first great joy shall be we did not miss
God's meaning in the glory that is here.

J. W. Chadwick.

205 *Tune, "Highland Laddie."*

KEEP striving: the winners are those who have striven
And fought for the prize that no idler [has won;
To the hands of the steadfast alone it is given,
And before it is gained, there is work [to be done.

Keep climbing: the earnest and steadfast have scaled
The height where the pathway was rough to the feet;
But the faint-hearted faltered, and faltering, failed,
And sank down by the wayside in helpless defeat.

Keep onward — right on, till the prize is attained;
Front the future with courage, and [obstacles fall.
By those, and those only, the victory's gained
Who keep faith in themselves and in [God over all.

Eben E. Rexford.

206 *Tune, "Annie Laurie" or "Old Folks at Home." A Sunshine Thought.*

SOME of us think the sunshine
Works only while 'tis day,
Works only while we see it,
Then wholly goes away.

But, when we stop and ponder,
We know this is not so,—
That sunshine is an impulse
Far greater than we know.

And all it warms and quickens
Holds it fast within its heart,
And does not stop its growing,
Though the shining rays depart.

The heart, too, has its sunshine,
And we know that it is ours,
When we feel the joy and gladness
That are life's sweet, blessed flowers.

And we think it wholly leaves us
When we cannot see it shine;
Just because our eyes meet darkness,
We forget the work divine

That must still go on within us,
Because deep, warm, within our heart,
Lives the sunshine still, and always,
Of our lives a real, best part.

Juniata Stafford.

207 *Tune, S. S. Service Book and Hymnal, p. 14. Doxology.*

Now, as the parting hour is nigh,
In our last song, with glad refrain,
To God on earth and in the sky
We lift both voice and heart again.

Soon may that blessed morn arise
When, o'er the earth, from east to west,
Thy light shall flood the earth and skies,
And all mankind in Thee be blest!

M. J. Savage.

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